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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-NINTH.

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THE

POEMS

OF

THOMSON,

HAMMOND,

AND

COLLINS.

28 X 426

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

" —— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
" Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
" Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
" Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
" Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
" Sed mihi ſorte datum"— VIRG.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And War, though greatly rouz'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations ſpoke; and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

Ev'n not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the Royal Youth*,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endleſs line
Through late revolving time, can ſooth my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, th' inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſham'd

* Frederick.

Th

Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoaky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh, let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouzing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze.
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming Vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.

But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumberous pomp,
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of Fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd through their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they ſunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Ev'n in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm,
Ah, what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? Thoſe, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch etherial breaſts
With ſhame! with grief! to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas,

For

ıich their wiſdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
ıeir veins bled through many a toiling age!
firſt of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
:ace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
)ſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men
rothers live, in amity combin'd,
ıſuſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
:very joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
idle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
t, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
ng diſtils into the vernant glebe;
of mangled carcaſſes, ſad-ſeen,
the blithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
)oks imprint the vegetable wound;
the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
lling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
:ace! thou ſource, and ſoul of ſocial life;
ı whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
his views enlarges, Art refines,
velling Commerce opens all her ports;
: the man divine, who gives us thee!
ids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
)w the giddy nations into rage;
ıeaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
e well-pil'd armory returns;
:very vigour from the work of death,
teful induſtry converting, makes
ıuntry flouriſh, and the city ſmile.

Unviolated, him the virgin ſings:
And him the ſmiling mother to her train.
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, ſings of him;
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil!
Ev'n from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reaſon rules,
Rouz'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check, th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe
His bolder heart; in aweful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men, no more

To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.
And what, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives!
What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
What better cauſe, than when your country ſees
The ſly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade intire, intire the force,
And honour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! Oh, great in vengeance riſe!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to reſtore:
And as you ride ſublimely round the world,
Make every veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wiſdom; this
The native power for which you were deſign'd
By Fate, when Fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate,
That e'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;

A ſtate, alone, where Liberty ſhould live,
In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolv'd.
For this, theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown,
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cheriſh this, this unexpenſive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh Nature thruſt into your hand:
And, unincumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſt, whence huge empires roſe, and fell
Self-cruſh'd, extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore,
Wheree'er the wind your high beheſts can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabrick once give way,
Soon ſlacken'd quite, and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep ruſhing down to that devouring gulph,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,

Ne'er

o be won again; its ancient traft
vile channel, deſolate, and dead,
ill around a miſerable waſte.
gypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
l in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
ar ing cataracts, beyond the reach
ty viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
hiopian deluge foams amain
ice wondering fable trac'd him from the ſky);
ot that prime of earth, where harveſts crowd
till'd harveſts, all the teeming year,
ie fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
hen a more uncomfortable wild,
and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
, your boaſted iſle: her princes ſunk;
gh-built honour moulder'd to the duſt;
'd her force; her ſpirit vaniſh'd quite;
apid wing her riches fled away;
frequented ports alone the ſign
it ſhe was; her merchants ſcatter'd wide;
llow ſhops ſhut up; and in her ſtreets,
lds, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
earful voice of labour heard no more.
let not then waſte Luxury impair
anly ſoul of toil, which ſtrings your nerves,
our own proper happineſs creates!
t not the ſoft, penetrating plague
on the free-born mind; and working there,
he ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
s, and idle all, eat out the heart

Of

Of Liberty; the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes;
The human being almoſt quite extinct;
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh, ſhun that gulph: that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,
The light of life, the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depreſſive north deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain!
And may a public ſpirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile.
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes

Youth,

Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſhores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my ſons, the ſons of freedom! meet
In aweful ſenate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth; myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of Britannia round.
This ſaid; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

T A L Y

COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

I B E R T Y,

A P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Viſion. Its ſcene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddeſs of Liberty, who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears, characterized as Britiſh Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contraſted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppreſſion; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tuſculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once fineſt and moſt ornamented part of Italy, all along the coaſt of Baiæ, how changed; to ver. 321. This deſolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Addreſs to the Goddeſs of Liberty, that ſhe would deduce from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitute the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in Britain; whoſe happineſs, ariſing from freedom, and a limited monarchy, ſhe marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Viſion attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condeſcenſion, that preventing generoſity, with which Your Royal Highneſs received the following poem under your protection; I can alone aſcribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the ſubject. In you the cauſe and concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt tendency to promote them, to the diſtinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt author; and of which all true lovers of their country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt diſpoſitions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generoſity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate perſuaſion that on it depends the happineſs and glory both of kings and people: to ſee theſe ſhining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the ſocial lights and private accompliſhments of life, is a proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general ſentiment of ſatisfaction and gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from th firſt ages down to her excellent eſtabliſhment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prov an entertainment to Your Royal Highneſs; if it can i any degree anſwer the dignity of the ſubject, and of th name under which I preſume to ſhelter it; I have m beſt reward: particularly as it affords me an opportuni ty of declaring that I am, with the greateſt zeal an reſpect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient

and moſt devoted ſervant,

JAMES THOMSON.

I B E R T Y.

P A R T I.

My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muſe gay rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
Drew th' inſpiring breath of ancient arts;
Little thought ſhe her returning verſe
Should ſing our darling ſubject to thy ſhade.
Does the myſtic veil, from mortal beam,
Save thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
While thy Father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
Light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Our diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
Limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
O the death of mighty nations turn,
Strain; be there abſorpt the private tear.
Riſing, I lay; warm from the ſacred walks,
Where at each ſtep imagination burns:
See, ſcatter'd wide around, aweful, and hoar,
Like a vaſt monument, once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
The fairer, of finiſh'd, modern pomp can boaſt.
Snatch'd by theſe wonders to that world where thought
Scatter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand

Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt.
When ſtrait, methought, the fair majeſtic Power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port: looſe o'er her ſhoulder flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland-goddeſs now; and her high care
The queen of iſles, the miſtreſs of the main.
My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight;
And, as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awaken'd Muſe
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her ſighs repreſſing, thus began.
Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſee'ſt is mine;
But, ah, how chang'd; the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Auſonian ſhore.
Look back through time; and, riſing from the gloom
Mark the dread ſcene, that paints whate'er I ſay.
The great republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thouſand ſtates;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Faſces aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behol

Behold, the country chearing, villas riſe,
In lively proſpect; by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the ſcented gale:
On Baiæ's viny coaſt; where peaceful ſeas,
Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore;
And ſuns unclouded ſhine, through pureſt air:
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive ſhade;
To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow;
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads:
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory ſee!
Behold her demi-gods, in ſenate met;
All head to counſel, and all heart to act:
The common-weal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame Corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her Forum ſee, warm, popular, and loud,

In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two Sires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to Tully's tongue.
Her tribes, her cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward.
Free for their country and for Me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt-born,
And of a people caſt in virtue's mold.
While ſculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
Who but, theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere

Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
Would truſt thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway?
Are theſe the vales, that, once, exulting ſtates
In their warm boſom fed? the mountains theſe,
On whoſe high-blooming ſides my ſons, of old,
I bred to glory? theſe dejected towns,
Where, mean, and ſordid, life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The ſcenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?
Come! by whatever ſacred name diſguis'd,
Oppreſſion, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See nature's richeſt plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and ſeat.
Firſt, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, reſign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely ſwain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy downs
His flocks to paſture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the ſickening eye can ſweep around,
'Tis all one deſert, deſolate, and grey,
Graz'd by the ſullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the paſſing gale.
Beneath the baleful blaſt the city pines,
Or ſinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the ſolitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waſte;

While ancient ways, ingulph'd, are ſeen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou *ſelf-deſtroyer!* foe
To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuſe,
Where ſavage nature blooms, ſeem their ſad plain
To raiſe againſt thy deſolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving ſtates,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd ſun,
Far other ſcenes of riſing culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harveſt pines; the livid, lean produce
Of heartleſs labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleaſure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to ſink in ſloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almoſt to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant bluſh
Of orchard reddens in the warmeſt ray.
To weedy wildneſs run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, ſave in the Muſe's bowl.
Unſeconded by art, the ſpinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the deſert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this: caſt, from brute fields,
Into the haunts of men thy ruthleſs eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; ev'n Sleep itſelf,
Leaſt delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See ſtreets whoſe echoes never know the voice
Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
And art mechanic at his various taſk,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the deſponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madneſs all to them!
By thee relentleſs ſeiz'd their betters joys,
To the ſoft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and muſic melt their ſouls away.
From feeble Juſtice ſee how raſh Revenge,
Trembling, the balance ſnatches; and the ſword,
Fearful himſelf, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nurſing murder, ſtands,
With the red touch of dark aſſaſſins ſtain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty city! ſpeak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her riſe amid the lifeleſs waſte,
Expiring nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tyber, through the deſert plain,

Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unſolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dreſt,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of miſery, whoſe melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the deſert ſee.
See the rank vine o'er ſubterranean roofs,
Indecent, ſpread; beneath whoſe fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchleſs, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, juſt, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic ſoul
Known to the vulgar breaſt: behold them now
A thin deſpairing number, all-ſubdued,
The ſlaves of ſlaves, by ſuperſtition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the ſame fair clime,
Thy ſons, Oppreſſion, are; and ſuch were Mine.
Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whoſe vain ſhe
Deluded thouſands ſtarve; all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd ſacks,
And by the tempeſt of two thouſand years
Continual ſhaken, let my ruins vie.

roads that yet the Roman hand aſſert,
l the weak repair of modern toil;
fractur'd arches, that the chiding ſtream
re delighted hear; theſe rich remains
rbles now unknown, where ſhines imbib'd
arent ray; theſe maſſy columns, hew'd
Afric's fartheſt ſhore; one granite all,
obeliſks high-towering to the ſky.
ious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
endleſs wonders that this *ſacred way*
ne ſtill, and conſecrate to fame;
fountains, vaſes, urns, and ſtatues, charg'd
:he fine ſtores of art-compleating Greece.
s, beſides, *thy* every later boaſt:
ionarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine*;
ine the fair deſigns, which Raphael's ſoul
ne live canvaſs, emanating, breath'd.
at would you ſay, ye conquerors of earth!
mans! could you raiſe the laurel'd head;
you the country ſee, by ſeas of blood,
ne dread toil of ages, won ſo dear;
ride, your triumph, and ſupreme delight!
oſe defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
ſh'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
th ambitious! till by aweful deeds,
, and courage, that amaze mankind,
een of nations roſe; poſſeſt of all
nature, art, and glory could beſtow:
would you ſay, deep in the laſt abyſs
ery, vice, and unambitious want,

Thus

Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crowded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ſhips unknown
Your lawleſs floods, and your abandon'd ſtreams:
Theſe could you know? theſe could you love again
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inſpire,
Content, poetic eaſe, and rural joy,
Soon burſting into ſong; while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, daſhing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd ſtream, you mus'd along?
Yon wild retreat, where ſuperſtition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tuſculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken bay,
Your Formian ſhore? Once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-ſmiling, join'd
On the gay land to laviſh all their ſtores.
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples ſeem? Diſaſter'd leſs
By black Veſuvius thundering o'er the coaſt,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by deſpotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd Cæſars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the ſyren plain,
That the dire ſoul of Hannibal diſarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the ſhore of Venus lies.
There Baiæ ſees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:

No generous vines now baſk along the hills,
Where ſport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas riſe;
Nor, art-ſuſtain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No ſpreading ports their ſacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intruſive ſtorm,
From the calm ſtation, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total deſolation ſits,
A dreary ſtillneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
Where, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winters roſe,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
Ev'n nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whoſe ſtately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the red abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain, learn; my beſt-eſtabliſh'd, laſt,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my ſteady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow;
And where my jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate

Of

Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd æther wakes the ſoul
To higher powers; in ſpite of happy ſoils,
That, but by labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With treaſures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there deſponding fail the common arts,
And ſuſtenance of life: could life itſelf,
Far leſs a thoughtleſs tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt depreſſing ſkies,
Join'd to full-ſpread Oppreſſion's cloudy brow,
How could thy ſpirits hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative ſoil?
Or, ſtoring every harveſt in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
  Here paus'd the Goddeſs. By the pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.
" Oh, firſt, and moſt benevolent of powers!
" Come from eternal ſplendors, here on earth,
" Againſt deſpotic pride, and rage, and luſt,
" To ſhield mankind; to raiſe them to aſſert
" The native rights and honour of their race:
" Teach me thy loweſt ſubject, but in zeal
" Yielding to none, the Progreſs of thy Reign,
" And with a ſtrain from Thee enrich the Muſe.
" As Thee alone ſhe ſerves, her patron, Thou,
" And great inſpirer be! then will ſhe joy,
" Through narrow life her lot, and private ſhade:
" And when her venal voice ſhe barters vile,

"

to thy open or thy ſecret foes:
y ne'er thoſe ſacred raptures touch her more,
ſlaviſh hearts unfelt! and may her ſong
k in oblivion with the nameleſs crew!
mmin of ſtate! to thy o'erflowing light
at owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe."
en, condeſcending kind, the Heavenly Power
n'd.—"What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
ight unfold, record and ſing at home,
that beſt iſle, where (ſo we ſpirits move)
th one quick effort of my will I am.
ere Truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accoſt
'n kings themſelves, the monarchs of the free!
:'d on my rock, there, an indulgent race
r Britons wield the ſceptre of their choice:
d there, to finiſh what his fires began,
Prince behold! for Me who burns ſincere,
'n with a ſubject's zeal. He my great work
ll parent-like ſuſtain; and added give
e touch, the Graces and the Muſes owe.
Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt;
d ancient arts he emulous revolves:
pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad;
rough clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
pleaſe his pleaſure; bounty his delight;
d all the ſoul of Titus dwells in him."
l, glorious theme! but how, alas! ſhall verſe,
the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
aint and tedious, ſing, what, piercing deep,
oddeſs flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul.

For,

For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods,
Is harmony itſelf; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime diſcloſing ages, as ſhe ſpoke,
In long ſucceſſion pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after ſcene, the human drama ſpread;
And ſtill th' embodied picture roſe to fight.

Oh Thou, to whom the Muſes owe their flam
Who bid'ſt, beneath the pole, Parnaſſus riſe,
And Hippocrene flow; with thy bold eaſe,
The ſtriking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy ſtrong phraſe, that rolls profound, and
Oh, gracious Goddeſs! re-inſpire my ſong;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aſpiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

NOTES on the preceding Poem.

r. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.
r. 242. Via Sacra.
r. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Ra-
d'Urbino; the three great modern maſters in
:ure, architecture, and painting.
r. 273. Tuſculum is reckoned to have ſtood at a
now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.
r. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) in-
ich Homer brings Ulyſſes, and his companions.
Formiæ Cicero had a villa.
r. 284. Naples then under the Auſtrian govern-
r. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.
r. 290. The coaſt of Baiæ, which was formerly
ed with the works mentioned in the following
; and where, amidſt many magnificent ruins, thoſe
:emple erected to Venus are ſtill to be ſeen.
r. 303. All along this coaſt the ancient Romans
:heir winter retreats; and ſeveral populous cities

GREECE:

Being the SECOND PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

Liberty traced from the paſtoral ages, and the firſt uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The ſeveral eſtabliſhments of Liberty, in Egypt, Perſia, Phœnicia, Paleſtine, ſlightly touched upon, down to her great eſtabliſhment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical deſcription of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal ſtates of Greece, deſcribed; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian ſtates; with regard to their government, their politeneſs, their virtues, their arts and ſciences. The vaſt ſuperiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Perſians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thouſand. Its full exertion, and moſt beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the ſource of free philoſophy. The various ſchools, which took their riſe from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, muſic, ſculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmoſt perfection there; to ver. 381. Tranſition to the modern ſtate of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at laſt entirely loſt among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

I B E R T Y.

P A R T II.

[US ſpoke the Goddeſs of the fearleſs eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the Viſion roſe.
t, in the dawn of time, with eaſtern ſwains,
ods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
: on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
rch of clearer ſpring, and freſher field.
, as increaſing families diſclos'd
:nder ſtate, I taught an equal ſway.
/ere offences, properties, and laws.
th the rural portal, palm o'erſpread,
ıther-ſenate met. There Juſtice dealt,
reaſon then and equity the ſame,
s the common air, her prompt decree;
:t had ſtain'd her ſword with ſubject's blood.
mpler arts were all their ſimple wants
rg'd to light. But inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
er ſet of fonder wants aroſe,
ther arts with them of finer aim;
rom refining want to want impell'd,
ind by thinking puſh'd her latent powers,
fe began to glow, and arts to ſhine.
irſt, on brutes alone the ruſtic war

Launch'd the rude ſpear; ſwift, as he glar'd along
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young ſportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endleſs joys,
Led on by equal toils, the boſom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle foreſts drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering ſwain,
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then brother's blo
Firſt, horrid, ſmoak'd on the polluted ſkies.
Aweful in juſtice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawleſs men,
The laſt worſt monſters of the ſhaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the ſharpen'd ſpear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then aroſe;
Who, ſcorning coward ſelf, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their eaſe, and for their ſafety bled.
Weſt with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth ſmil'd beneath my beam: the Muſe before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and ſigh'd the ſhepherd's pa
But now, to ſing heroic deeds, ſhe ſwell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my ſons of Egypt I forſook:
A boaſtful race, that in the vain abyſs
Of fabling ages lov'd to loſe their ſource,
And with their river trac'd it from the ſkie
While there my laws alone deſpotic reign'd
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd
I

m ſcience, virtue, wiſdom, arts;
ges, legiſlators ſought;
f poliſh'd life, and human-kind.
yſterious Superſtition came,
ier civil ſiſter leagu'd, involv'd
arkneſs the deſponding mind;
t Power the righteous ſcourge unloos'd:
eaſon ſpeaks the ſoul a ſlave.
eful works, like Nature's, great,
ruel wonders cruſh'd the land;
a tyrant's tomb, who none deſerv'd,
carcaſs periſh'd countleſs lives.
eat Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
t bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
ſoon the proud blaſphemer felt;
ithout my fertilizing power,
ir force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
ld retard me: nor the frugal ſtate
rſia, ſober in extreme,
pitch of man, and thence revers'd
us waſte: nor yet the ports
icia; firſt for letters fam'd,
he voice, and ſilent ſpeak to ſight,
e ſource, and guardian! by fair ſtars,
d out into the lonely deep;
firſt diſclos'd mechanic arts,
o conquer, to ſubdue the waves,
peaceful power of ruling trade;
ritain. Nor by theſe retain'd;

Nor by the neighbouring land, whoſe palmy ſhore
The ſilver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail Nature's utmoſt boaſt! unrival'd Greece!
My faireſt reign! where every power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And laviſh'd all that genius can inſpire.
Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind,
Light, airy ſoils. A country rich, and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales.
Mountains and ſtreams, where verſe ſpontaneous flow'
Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of gods,
And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of ſong.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My reſtleſs Arts
Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates,
And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Iſles
In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Libyan main.
O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient Sparta one: the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city; which no ſhape

could conquer, nor of pleaſure charm.
is there built, on the ſolid baſe
l life, ſo well a temper'd ſtate;
nix'd each government, in ſuch juſt poiſe;
wer ſo checking, and ſupporting, each;
m for ages, and unmov'd, it ſtood,
: of Greece! without one giddy hour,
ck of faction, or of party-rage.
in'd the ſprings of wealth, Corruption there
her'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
neglected Art, with weedy vice
ided, ſunk. But if Athenian arts
ot the ſoil; yet there the calm abode
om, virtue, philoſophic eaſe,
ly ſenſe and wit, in frugal phraſe
l, and preſs'd into laconic force.
o, by rooting thence ſtill treacherous ſelf,
olic and the private grew the ſame.
ldren of the nurſing publick all,
its table fed, for that they toil'd,
they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
der mother urg'd her ſon to die.
fter genius, but not leſs intent
: the palm of empire, Athens roſe:
with bright marbles big and future pomp,
us ſpread, amid the ſcented ſky.
my treaſures to the labouring bee,
botanic hand the ſtores of health;
in a ſoul-attenuating clime,
Ilyſſus and Cephiſſus glow'd.

This hive of ſcience, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for Me, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of ſpeech,
Inforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe:
Allay'd the tempeſt; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two ſenates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving ſtate.
Nor was my forming care to theſe confin'd.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well-pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair:
In exerciſe, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Perſian pride:
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

very ardour burn: their great reward
verdant wreathe, which founding Piſa gave.
nce flouriſh'd Greece; and hence a race of men,
ods by conſcious future times ador'd:
om each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
e *fam'd paſs*, firm as an iſthmus ſtood;
the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
e could dart it's viſion, nobly check'd.
c in extended battle, at the field
Iarathon, my keen Athenians drove
e their ardent band, an hoſt of ſlaves.
nce through the continent ten thouſand Greeks
a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
ſtories can reach. Deſerts, in vain,
s'd their courſe; and hoſtile lands, unknown;
deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grin'd
er, and toil; Armenian ſnows, and ſtorms;
circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes.
e in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds,
h a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
mphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief
and ſuſtain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
ſt almighty in ſevere extremes!
ea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
hearted tranſport round their captains threw
oldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes

With

With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—*The sea! the sea!*
In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.
My Spirit pours a vigour through the soul
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,
And father of philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole: as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,

Or

nkind; and what he taught he was.
l high, though plain, his doctrine broke
chools. The bold poetic phraſe
lato; Xenophon's pure ſtrain,
r brook that ſteals along the vale,
rth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Stoic pride; the Cynic ſneer;
nſenting Academic doubt;
g bliſs to virtue, the glad eaſe
, ſeldom underſtood.
candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
and, ſince virtue was their aim,
practice try'd to prove his way
Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe
the liberty of mind:
yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds,
e monſters of ſucceeding times.
darkneſs ſprung th' enlightening arts
ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
thou ſapient nurſe of Finer Arts!
ight ſcience blooming fancy bore,
raiſe, that Thou, and Thou alone,
led the way, in theſe excell'd,
h the laurel of aſſenting time.
language, ſpeaking mighty things;
torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
eſtic ſtream, and rolling on
the winding harmony of ſound:
er of Eloquence, at large,
perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul;

Still'd

Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threatening riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic ſong was thine; the Fountain-Bard,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread *moral ſcene*, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in th' impaſſion'd ma
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk.
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee; whoſe every ſon,
Ev'n laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning muſic of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of paſſion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,

The boaſt of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture ſeiz'd,
And bade them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's ſelf behind.
From thoſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone; expreſſing gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinew'd Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion; ſoften'd into fleſh;
Was fir'd to paſſion, or refin'd to ſoul.
  Nor leſs thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames,
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The ſoul of beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
Ev'n ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy

The

The patriot picture, let the city 'ſcape.
Firſt elder Sculpture taught her Siſter Art
Correct deſign; where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their eldeſt ſiſter, came;
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way:
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe;
And copious action on the canvaſs glow;
Gave her gay fable; ſpread invention's ſtore;
Enlarg'd her view; taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the wl
Caught from the heavenly Muſe a nobler aim,
And, ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each moral beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in word:
Theſe rouze to glory; while, to rural life,
The ſofter canvaſs oft repos'd the ſoul.
There gayly broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud;

ıing proſpect, and the mountain blue,
in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
own the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
ɔeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
:ath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
ɜ ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
ıce, and love, and innocence around,
lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock:
appy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
nds convers'd, by death divided long.
blic Virtue thus the ſmiling Arts,
ſh'd handmaids, ſerv'd! the Graces they
this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
:'d beyond the reach of ſordid care,
ı awarders of immortal fame,
r glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
by kings, and by contending ſtates
the boaſted honour of their birth.
:hitecture too thy rank ſupreme!
where moſt magnificent appears
e builder man; by thee refin'd,
ıiling high, to full perfection brought.
ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
rn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
ɔur'd heavy monuments of ſhame.
e gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
ly plain, the manly Doric roſe;

Th'

Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.
These were the wonders that illumin'd Gree
From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, Goddeſs,
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd: deep in the kindred gloor
Of ſuperſtition, and of ſlavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
Ev'n, to ſupply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand.
Scarce any trace remaining, veſtige grey,
Or nodding column on the deſert ſhore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens ſtoc
A faithleſs land of violence, and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſh
And his wild impulſe curious ſearch reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.
Neglected nature fails; in ſordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no mo

in himſelf ſeems angry, to regard,
ht unworthy, the degenerate race;
res them oft with peſtilential rays:
earth, blue poiſon ſteaming on the ſkies,
iant, ſhakes them from her troubled ſides.
from man to man, Fate's firſt decree,
ial Death the tide of riches rolls,
es muſt die, and Liberty go round.
ce was the ſtand, ere virtue, valour, arts,
ie ſoul fir'd by Me (that often, ſtung
thoughts of better times and old renown,
hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
iite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
roſs o'er all unfeeling bondage ſpread.
I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
on the doubtful wing: when Greece with Greece
il'd in foul contention fought no more
mmon glory, and for common weal:
ilſe to freedom, fought to quell the free;
the firm band of peace, and ſacred love,
nt the whole irrefragable force;
as around the partial trophy bluſh'd,
'd the way for total overthrow.
o the Perſian power, whoſe pride they ſcorn'd,
Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
by turns, and Athens, vilely ſued;
o be venal parricides, to ſpill
country's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
n their matchleſs mercenary arms.
il in Suſa, then, ſat the great king;

And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates; their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blaſt the ſeas:
And by their lifted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece,
Rouz'd them to civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty my families combin'd;
But by ſhort views, and ſelfiſh paſſions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackening ſtorm from Thracia came
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, an
And military glory, ſhone ſupreme:

t deteſting ages, from the ſcene
eece ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
t, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds,
lt her ſpirits fail; and in the duſt
teſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
aus, and the Theban Friends:
Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
dire ſcent of Chæronæa lur'd,
fierce-deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.
is tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
ery Grace, and Muſe, and Science born;
arts of war, of government, elate;
ants dreadful, dreadful to the beſt;
I Myſelf could ſcarcely rule: and thus
erſian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
eſs Corruption firſt deject the pride,
uardian vigour of the free-born ſoul,
ude attempts of violence are vain;
rm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
yet by force was freedom overcome.
on as Independence ſtoops the head,
e enſlav'd, and vice-created wants;
o ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
nan to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
e whole ſtate unnerv'd in Slavery ſinks.

NOTES on PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens wa ſituated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or ſupreme court of ju dicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: an the council of Four Hundred, by him inſtituted. I this council all affairs of ſtate were deliberated, befo they came to be voted in the aſſembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympi games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The ſtraits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius beſieged Rhodes, an could have reduced the city, by ſetting fire to that quar ter of it where ſtood the houſe of the celebrated Proto genes; he choſe rather to raiſe the ſiege, than hazard th burning of a famous picture called Jaſylus, the maſter piece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Perſia were called by th Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the La cedemonian admiral, with the Perſians; by which th Lace-

Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks eſtabliſhed in the Leſſer Aſia to the dominion of the king of Perſia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been diſmantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the firſt Peloponneſian war, and was at this time reſtored by Conon to its former ſplendor.

Ver. 470. The Peloponneſian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

ROME:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

As this part contains a deſcription of the eſtabliſhment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies ſettled in the ſouthern parts of Italy, which with Sicily conſtituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With theſe colonies the ſpirit of Liberty, and of republics, ſpreads over Italy; to ver. 32. Tranſition to Pythagoras and his philoſophy, which he taught through thoſe free ſtates and cities; to ver. 71. Amidſt the many ſmall republics in Italy, Rome the deſtined ſeat of Liberty. Her eſtabliſhment there dated from the expulſion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the firſt part of this poem: to mark its riſe and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its firſt ages, the greateſt force of Liberty and Virtue exerted; to ver. 103. The ſource whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of theſe virtues. Thence their ſecurity at home; their glory, ſucceſs, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically deſcribed; to ver. 257. The ſtates of Greece reſtored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the higheſt inſtance of public generoſity and beneficence; to ver. 328. The loſs of Liberty in Rome. Its cauſes, progreſs, and completion in the death of Brutus; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddeſs of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infuſing into them her ſpirit and general principles, She lays the ground-work of her future eſtabliſhments; ſends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enſlaved; and then, with arts and ſciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celeſtial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

I B E R T Y.

P A R T III.

[ERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the Goddeſs ſung.
en I, impatient: "From extinguiſh'd Greece,
To what new region ſtream'd the human day?"
: ſoftly ſighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
ſign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
ſum'd: Indignant, theſe laſt ſcenes I fled;
d long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
d the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
l Latium flood arouz'd. Ages before,
at mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
arm after ſwarm, her ardent youth around,
Aſia, Afric, Sicily, they ſtoop'd,
t chief on fair Heſperia's winding ſhore;
here, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
ey roll'd increaſing colonies along,
d lent materials for my Roman Reign.
ith them *my ſpirit* ſpread; and numerous ſtates
d cities roſe, on Grecian models form'd;
its parental policy, and arts,
:h had imbib'd. Beſides, to each aſſign'd
guardian genius, o'er the public weal,

Kept

Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by Me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not so the Samian Sage; to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording fame.
For these free states his native isle forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And through great Greece his gentle wisdom taught
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless æther; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who best approves

ſilent worſhip of the moral heart,
joys in bounteous heaven, and ſpreads the joy.
corn'd the ſoaring ſage to ſtoop to life,
bound his reaſon to the ſphere of man.
ave the four yet reigning virtues name,
'd the ſtudy of the finer arts,
civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
e with enlighten'd juſtice mercy mix'd.
'n, into his tender ſyſtem, took
ever ſhares the brotherhood of life:
ught that life's indiſſoluble flame,
brute to man, and man to brute again,
ver ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
ce try'd againſt the blood-polluted meal,
limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred ſoul,
rn the human heart. Delightful truth!
ie beheld the living chain aſcend,
ot a circling form, but riſing whole.
id theſe ſmall republics one aroſe,
llow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
for Me. A nobler ſpirit warm'd
ns; and, rouz'd by tyrants, nobler ſtill
n'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chac'd,
all their crimes; bade radiant æras riſe,
he long honours of the conſul-line.
e, from the fairer, not the greater, plan
eece I vary'd; whoſe unmixing ſtates,
keen ſoul of emulation pierc'd,
wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of arts,
eir *beſt* empire gain'd. But to diffuſe

O'er

O'er *men* an empire was my purpoſe now;
To let my martial majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of one ſtate to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my ampleſt reign.
Now, while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it labouring roſe, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the w
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The nations ſtoop'd around; though then appear'
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told;
And every paſſing ſun, and Latian ſcene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and aweful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.
For then, to prove my moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs or enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the free.
That godlike paſſion! which, the bounds of ſelf
Divinely burſting, the whole publick takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live.

is kind ſun of moral nature flow'd
that ſhine the light of human kind,
y'd through ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
rtues too, reflected to their ſource,
d its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
idea, more attractive ſtill,
by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
d of friends, unconquerable grew.
, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
:e of pleading nature was not heard;
heir hearts the fathers throbb'd no more:
themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
veeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
, that baffled fortune's utmoſt rage;
nded hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
rennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
reſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair.
oderation a new conqueſt gain'd;
.e vanquiſh'd, like deſcending heaven,
wy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
of men, hence hard laborious life,
o fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce.
ndependence, with his little pleas'd,
ınd ſelf-ſufficient, like a God;
Corruption could not lodge one charm,
: his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
uly rich, and by his Sabine field,
maintain'd, the Roman's ſplendor all
he public wealth and glory plac'd:

Or

Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough;
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With wiſdom's pureſt eye; or, clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, ev'n the proudeſt, ſtoop'd,
To common-good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All ſubmiſſive hence,
Conſuls, dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wing
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car; ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit
(A harder leſſon that than to command),
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their
And, above envy, in a rival's train,
Sung the loud lies by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulph.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour ſued, and his own doom.
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,

e children climbing for a kiſs;
mb through rows of weeping wondering friends,
lluſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
impatient did he pierce the crowds
g his return, than if, eſcap'd
ng litigious ſuits, he glad forſook
ſy town a while, and city cloud,
the Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
theſe high particulars recount?
aneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame;
heir worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.
l no charms, nor any terrors fate,
Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view,
ıe rare boaſt of theſe unequal'd times.
rolv'd unfully'd by a crime:
eign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
l a race elated with the pride
ıe, and diſdaining to deſcend
nneſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
var around them rag'd, in happy Rome
:eful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
ten hang on Freedom's jealous brow!
r unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,
ıot a Roman bled but in the field.
irtue ſuch, that an unbalanc'd ſtate,
ween noble and plebeian toſt,
'd the wave of fluctuating power,
ence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
ıt the ſtorms. Oft though the native feuds,
om the firſt their conſtitution ſhook,

(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to ruſh: yet could the lenient voice
Of wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous ſoul,
Thoſe ſons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by ſelf, ſo naked lay,
And ſenſible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided ſtate.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The ſoothing touch; ſtill, in the love of Rome,
The dread dictator found a ſure reſource.
Was ſhe aſſaulted? was her glory ſtain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
By ſocial danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt country all, to die.
Thus up the hill of empire ſlow they toil'd:
Till, the bold ſummit gain'd, the thouſand ſtates
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the diſtant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the weſtern main,
Where ſtorms at large reſound, and tides immenſe:
From Caledonia's dim cærulean coaſt,
And moiſt Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the reſtleſs clouds, and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.

Mark that oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing morn
Her roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews:
From the dire deſerts by the Caſpian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And bleſt Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majeſtic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flaſhing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
In the black Scythian ſea his torrent throws.
Laſt, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan ſands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waſte
A verdant iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh;
And farther to the full Egyptian ſhore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt ſpace what various tongues, and ſtates!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and ſeas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations free'd!
O'er Greece deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
As at her Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius ſat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd

Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,
While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd; the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—" To the ſtates of Greece
" The Roman People, unconfin'd, reſtore
" Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
" Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The crowd aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is loſt in anxious joy) Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud, and diſtinct, it was again proclaim'd;
And ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amazement held them mute,
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heaven
From many a thouſand hearts ecſtatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets ſtately Corinth ſhook;
And, from the void above of ſhatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame,
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmoſt ſoul!
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported Greece!

Mix'

a tempeſt of ſuperior joy,
the ſports; like Bacchanals they flew,
r ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
e proconſul's tent repeated rung.
own'd with garlands, came the feſtive hours;
c, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,
ures wak'd anew.—" Ye Gods! they cry'd,
rdian Gods of Greece! And are we free?
not madneſs deem'd the very thought?
it true? How did we purchaſe chains?
t a dire expence of kindred blood?
e they now diſſolv'd? And ſcarce one drop
fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
e, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
ages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
e indeed; but how to generous ends
ı ſucceſs, and conqueſt, rarer ſtill:
ıe great Gods and Romans only know.
ıere on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
le ſo magnanimous, to quit
ative ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
ı our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
loes! there does! oh, ſaviour Titus! Rome!"
ugh the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
/ laſt reflected beams rejoic'd.
he ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
to his flocks, and gameſome kids;
the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,

Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.
Here interpoſing I.—"Oh, Queen of men!
"Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
"Equal they live; though plac'd, for common goc
"Various, or in ſubjection, or command;
"And that by common choice: alas! the ſcene,
"With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
"Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſued.—Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd: ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As, with the ſliding rock, the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd Ariſtocratic pride;
With Uſury, the villain! whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd;
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade: inconſtant, blind,
Deſerting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand.
This firm republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of oppoſition roſe; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf,
Ev'n force and ſpirit drew; ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe;
Her terror once on Afric's tawny ſhore,
Now ſmoak'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while ſtupid ſelf,
Of narrow guſt, and hebetating ſenſe
Devour the nobler faculties of bliſs.

Let diſcord through the deathful city
Firſt, mild Tiberius, on thy ſacred l
The fury's vengeance fell; the firſt,
Had ſince the conſuls ſtain'd contend
Of precedent pernicious! with thee b
Three hundred Romans; with thy b
Three thouſand more; till, into batt
Debates of peace, and forc'd the tren
The forum and comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power, or reckin
When, half-aſham'd, Corruption's t
And ruffian force began to ſap the m
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too f
The torrent turns, and overbears the

Thus luxury, diſſenſion, a mix'd r
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundl
Want wiſhing change, and waſte repe

nations, in one circling blaſt
rarious ſtorm, and from its baſe
ublic tore. By virtue built,
ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſheltered earth
f: by virtue too ſuſtain'd,
ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
or bade it firmer ſtand.
th ſudden and enormous change,
ankind ſunk into the laſt,
tue, ſo in vice extreme,
fabric yielded looſe,
n ſtill; and thundering down,
th its ruins cruſh'd a world.
people, to themſelves a prey,
; when their victorious troops,
apine ſavage grown, can find
k and pillage but their own.
ſarius, and keen Sylla, firſt
luge dire of civil blood,
s began, and this, or that,
ng their revenge) nor virtue ſpar'd,
ge, nor quality, nor name;
to an human ſhambles turn'd,
ovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains
—If no true Roman then,
ere was, to raiſe for Me
nd: was there no father, robb'd
outh to prop his wither'd age?
ieſs to his hoary ſire
re defil'd? no friend, forlorn?

Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid
Turns weak to ſlaughter; or partake
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power re
And all unhop'd the common-wealth
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his cri
Through ſtreets yet ſtreaming from hi
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſ
And on the bed of peace his aſhes laid
A grace, which I to his demiſſion gav
But with him dy'd not the deſpotic ſo
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping Rome cou
A Maſter, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for ſucceeding years, my trou
No certain peace, no ſpreading proſpe
Deſtruction gather'd round. Still the
Or of a Catiline, or Rullus, ſwell'd
With fell deſigns; and all the watchfu

he neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
ant of an equal name;
er Cæſar, on whoſe brow
ce deluding virtue ſmil'd,
eſs a vain ſuperior ſcorn'd.
t bled in vain. New traitors roſe,
LL *be bought, the baſe have lords.*
vars I left ambitious ſlaves;
lippi's field, from where in duſt
omans, matchleſs Brutus! lay,
north untam'd a rapid wing.
gh the firſt ſmooth Cæſar's arts careſs'd,
ue, ſimulating Me?
r! cruelly humane!
clinch, and make it ſofter fit
oken ſtill ferocious ſtate.
. Third, ſucceeding, I beheld
nonſters all.—A race on earth
nt the ſcourge of human-kind!
profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world;
forming nature ſeems diſgrace;
fernal rage bade every drop
od, that yet retain'd my flame,
rtus, in the peaceful bath,
frighted ſtreets, inglorious flow.
t the meanly-patient death,
yrant's unprevented ſtroke.
ave one ſhort evening gleam;
elt, as in the midſt it ſpread
horror. The delight of men!

To Trajan's glory, following triun
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (th
On that triumphal arch, the forms

Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, an
Of gelid Hemus, I purſued my flig
And, piercing fartheſt Scythia, wef
Sarmatia, travers'd by a thouſand ſt
A ſullen land of lakes, and fens im
Of rocks, reſounding torrents, gloo
And cruel deſerts black with ſoundi
Where nature frowns: though ſom
She ſoftens; and immediate, at the
Of ſouthern gales, throws from the
Luxuriant paſture, and a waſte of fl
But, cold-compreſt, when the whol
Deſcends in ſnow, loſt in one white
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd earth; and, ſei
Lakes, headlong ſtreams, and floods

f nations!—Theſe I rous'd,
land, on people people pour'd;
ɔft perpetual night they broke,
ı of day; and o'er the banks
ıpire, only ſlave-ſuſtain'd,
, in vengeance urg'd by Me.
barbarous heart the bury'd ſeeds
', for many a wintery age;
ıy ſpirit work'd, by ſlow degrees,
pride and fierceneſs yet appear'd.
night of time, that parted worlds.
the while. As when the tribes
l of riſing winter, ride
ds, to warmer climates borne;
ıch good genius in my train,
g gloom, and ſoar'd to heaven.
t regions there of pureſt day,
:s, and palaces, ariſe,
ſe with other arts divine.
e below, to them compar'd,
roſe before the mid-day ſun,
loſſom; like a bubble, break
or magnificence of kings.
King of Nature, in full blaze,
:ndor forth; and there his court
powers, and virtues, holds:
gel, tutelary gods,
ıns, empires, and of worlds.
he veil, that kindly clouds
:n for mortals: wraps a view

Too

Too ſoftening fair, for thoſe that here in duſt
Muſt chearful toil out their appointed years.
A ſenſe of higher life would only damp
The ſchool-boy's taſk, and ſpoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of reaſon, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazzle and diſſolve his mind.

NOTES on PART III.

Ver. 7. The laſt ſtruggles of liberty in Greece.

Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.

Ver. 32. Pythagoras.

Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

Ver. 37. The ſouthern parts of Italy and Sicily, ſo called becauſe of the Grecian colonies there ſettled.

Ver. 38. His ſcholars were enjoined ſilence for five years.

Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.

Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.

Ver. 245. The Caſpian ſea.

Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.

Ver. 286. The Iſthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Ver. 369. Carthage.

Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.

Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, propoſed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but deſtructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his ſpeech againſt Rullus.

Ver. 489. Tiberius.

Ver. 496. Thraſea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—"After having inhumanly ſlaughtered ſo many "illuſtrious men, he (Nero) burned at laſt with a de-

"ſire

" fire of cutting off virtue itſelf in the perſon of T
" ſea, &c.

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopte
Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus P
ſophhus.

Ver. 511. Conſtantine's arch, to build which,
of Trajan was deſtroyed, ſculpture having been the
moſt entirely loſt.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a
tract of country running all along the north of Eu
and Aſia.

BRITAI

BRITAIN:

Being the FOURTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

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I B E R T Y.

P A R T IV.

RUCK with the riſing ſcene, thus I amaz'd:
Ah, Goddeſs, what a change! Is earth the ſame?
the ſame kind the ruthleſs race ſhe feeds?
ıd does the ſame fair ſun and æther ſpread
ıund this vile ſpot their all-enlivening ſoul?
! beauty fails; loſt in unlovely forms
little pomp, magnificence no more
alts the mind, and bids the public ſmile:
hile to rapacious intereſt glory leaves
ankind, and every grace of life is gone."
this the Power, whoſe vital radiance calls
the brute maſs of man an order'd world.
Wait till the morning ſhines, and from the depth
Gothic darkneſs ſprings another day.
ue, Genius droops; the tender ancient taſte
beauty, then freſh-blooming in her prime,
t faintly trembles through the callous ſoul;
ıd grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
ıks into ſafe purſuits, and creeping cares.
'n cautious Virtue ſeems to ſtoop her flight,
ıd aged life to deem the generous deeds
youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought

" Well-reaſon'd, in reſearches piercing deep
" Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
" And all that calm experience can diſcloſe,
" (Slow guide, but ſure) behold the world anew
" Exalted riſe, with other honours crown'd;
" And, where My Spirit wakes the finer powers,
" Athenian laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."

Oblivious ages paſs'd; while earth, forſook
By her beſt Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; firſt ſmall of ſize,
But ſoon dilating to the ſkies ſhe towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury ſpread,
And high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, ſwell'd the groaning winds
With wild ſurmizes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody Power of Gothic War,
War againſt human kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unliſtening, barbarous Force, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour, law: the Foe of Arts
By monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with t
Another ſpecies of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous ſhackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd ſoul; a wilder Fury, She
Ev'n o'er her Elder Siſter tyranniz'd;

Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band,
Thundering,—" Submit, ye laity! ye prophane!
" Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours; let kings
" Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
" If not, behold! the ſacred lightning flies:"
Scholaſtic Diſcord, with an hundred tongues,
For ſcience uttering jangling words obſcure,
Where frighted reaſon never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whoſe reddening cheek no contradiction bears,
And Holy Slander, his aſſociate firm,
On whom the *lying ſpirit* ſtill deſcends:
Mother of tortures! Perſecuting Zeal,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready torch,
Or ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fierceſt fiend! of faintly brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial ſeraph's name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous pretence
Of pleaſing Parent Heaven, the *ſource of love!*
Has wrought more horrors, more deteſted deeds,
Than all the reſt combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell deſigns,
Came ideot Superſtition; round with ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand monkiſh forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or ſcare the ſimple into ſlaves,
And poiſon reaſon; groſs, ſhe ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
Broad o'er the whole her univerſal night,

The gloom ſtill doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen, but viſionary monks,
To councils ſtrolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti ſaints, diſturbing diſtant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues againſt mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain devotion to a ſolemn farce;
To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient freedom to the rage of ſlaves,
Proud of their ſtate, and fighting for their chains
Diſhonour'd courage to the brave's trade,
To civil broil; and glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy reaſon totter'd on her throne.
At laſt Heaven's beſt inexplicable ſcheme,
Diſcloſing, bade new brightening æras ſmile.
The high-command gone forth, Arts in my train
And azure-mantled Science, ſwift we ſpread
A ſounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance haſt thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form haſt thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent, by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, huſband's, father's blood,
Haſt thou thy matrons and thy virgins ſeen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into ſtony wilds;
And ſucceurleſs, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to nature's common caſt!
Added to theſe, the ſtill continued waſte
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, ſeize the very ſoul.
Where hadſt thou treaſures for this rapine all?
Theſe hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd ſack on ſack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art; whence this grey ſcene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to reſtore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.
Amid the hoary ruins ſculpture firſt,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy ſparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing reſurrection ſaw.
In leaning ſite, reſpiring from his toils,
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample cheſt, all tempeſted with force,

Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the head,
Breathing the hero, ſmall, of Grecian ſize,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy neck;
The ſpreading ſhoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a maſs of ſwelling ſinews, touch'd
Into harmonious ſhape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finiſh'd wh
Shows what ideas ſmil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pityleſs his look,
And each keen ſinew brac'd, the ſtorm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other from the gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering feature ſullen vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccompliſh'd rage,
And ſtill the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conqueſt-flaſh'd, from proſtrate Python, came
The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he ſtands,
His arm extended with the ſlacken'd bow.
Light flows his eaſy robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native ſmile,
Mixt with the joy elating conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd frown exalts his matchleſs air.

On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
Riſe through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love aroſe, as from the deep.
She ſprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious beauty, a diſſembled ſenſe
Of modeſt ſhame, and ſlippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the ſtone,
As if exulting in its conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turn'd each limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt maſter-piece ſhe found,
That Maro fir'd; the miſerable ſire,
Wrapt with his ſons in fate's ſevereſt graſp.
The ſerpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such paſſion here,
Such agonies, ſuch bitterneſs of pain,
Seem ſo to tremble through the tortur'd ſtone,
That the touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs,
That ever Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize:
The father's double pangs, both for himſelf
And ſons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell deſpair with indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling monſters from his ſide
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons

All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow.
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſtrad out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but ſtrait from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as it went,
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legiſlator's aweful grace
Dreſs'd, Buonaroti bid a Moſes riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a Saviour-God.

Of theſe obſervant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecſtatic ſhe diffus'd
The canvas, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren, and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the taſte,
That had for ages ſcar'd in cloyſters dim
The ſuperſtitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt.
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The Goddeſs dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like happineſs, to tempt
Th' eternal chace. In elegant deſign

Impr

Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine;
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raiſe the picture, and repoſe the ſight.
The Lombard ſchool ſucceeding, mingled both.
Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Muſic again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
Ev'n bigots ſmil'd; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, though freedom be their parent ſoil.
And now confeſt, with gently-growing gleam,
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light.
The Muſe awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artleſs her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train,
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew:
While reaſon drew the plan, the heart inform'd

The

The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.
Rome and her circling deſerts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,
I ſmall republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Inſtead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd;
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden ſpreads.
The barren rocks themſelves beneath My Foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick-ſwarming people there, like emmets, ſeiz'd
Amid ſurrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots,
Which nature left in her deſtroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd ſhore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets roſe.
And while My genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

Nor be the then triumphant ſtate forgot;
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant ſtill,
Inſpir'd by Me, through the dark ages kept
Of My old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive:
The ſeeming god-built city! which My hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals ſail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny ſtreet; where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines; and riſing tides,
The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's ſtormy gulph,
The mart of nations! long, obedient ſeas
Roll'd all the treaſure of the radiant Eaſt;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd oppreſſion lightens, as diffus'd)
Each ſubject tearing, many tyrants roſe.
The leaſt the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble chains:
The ſofter ſhackles of luxurious eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
Thus Venice fainter ſhines; and commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping ſail.
Burſting, beſides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle; found another ſeat,
Opening a thouſand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other ſons.
The mountains then, clad with eternal ſnow,

Confeſs'd

Confeſs'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly ſtates,
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her ho
Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty cities rife,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and, in their happy ſtreets,
Nor cruel deed nor miſery is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
And preſs their culture on retiring ſnows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The taſteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Ev'n, chear'd by Me, their ſhaggy mountains cha
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And ſickening fancy oft, when abſent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding ſtream: the vale, fair-ſpread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden tempeſt ſpring
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic ſhapes:

T

The flitting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd;
And, by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower: hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine:
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white maaes toſt,
Down to the clear etherial lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky; where ſhines
On winter winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows.
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd My courſe
O'er vaſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave ſome favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my ſoul.
Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintery Scandinavia's utmoſt bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death,
They wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the ſouth,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
Here, with the ſhifted viſion, burſt my joy.
" O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!

" See

" See Britain's empire! lo! the watery vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the cerulean plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes.
" Goddeſs, forgive!—My heart, ſurpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs." 390
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the Celeſtial Brightneſs ſmil'd;
Then thus: As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing; behold! from ſurge to ſurge, 395
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing meteors crown'd his ſtarry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy cloud. 400
Wheree'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls,
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd, began—By fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My Siſter-Goddeſs now, to yon bleſt iſle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
" All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn,
" Or yellow evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe

" Drunk

" Drunk by equator-ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles approaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
" Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific; that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæſars brav'd.
" Still, in the crook of ſhore, the coward ſail
" Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed prow,
" To dare the middle-deep, and drive aſſur'd
" To diſtant nations through the pathleſs main,
" Chief, for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
" Long months from land, while the black ſtormy night
" Around them rages, on the groaning maſt
" With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
" To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
" By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
" The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
" Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
" Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian war,
" Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
" And bind the nations in a golden chain.
" To theſe I honour'd ſtoop. Ruſhing to light,
" A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds
" Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling earth, as her's to mine

" In

" In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
" Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
" Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
" And might in ſpite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the ſhadowy power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſued, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the labouring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy,
Full of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian She—The Goddeſs, whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoften'd light,
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd ſculpture taking might improve her art.

Such the fair guardian of an iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal blooms, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting Me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.
The Native Genii, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſting, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rouz'd,
No lion ſprings more eager to his prey:
Blood is a paſtime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind ſenſe within:
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the grey ſecond infancy of age,
He gives in public families to live,
Sight to gladden Heaven! whether ſhe ſtands
Or beckoning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy:
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Voices thoſe that make the land rejoice:
Whether to philoſophy, and arts,
Once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride

Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that ſhe gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her aweful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment:
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind,
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the free!
'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The Thoughtful Power, aps
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The Genius He whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the ſhade,
And Independence ſtood: the generous pair,
That ſimple life, the quiet-whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the free-born ſoul!
To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,

Pro

Proudly prefer them to ile pomp,
And to the heart-embi d joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to public scene
Demanded, quit his fy f a while;
Nought can his firmne , nothing seduce
His zeal, still active fo t c n-weal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nc i ion's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-w l by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honour , their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; an , if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley we : e al shame:
Illustrious into private life:
From dirty levees he u 'd ascends,
And firm in senates sta t] iot's ground,
Or draws new vigour i p eful shade.
Aloof the Bashful Virtue never'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour clos'd t train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-tv d, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignati Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, n infidious gall:
Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, a glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, ratio free,
Here pass'd in silence v fe ipture'd eye

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Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from ſervile fear,
By rites for ſome weak tyrant incenſe fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effuſing gladneſs, into pleaſing awe
That now aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a calm
Of fearleſs confidence that ſmiles ſerene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then moſt grateful, when Heaven's bounty moſt
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd ſuperior day.
I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to riſe. Each chearing each,
And, like the circling planets from the ſun,
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleaſures rather. Long the pungent time
Paſs'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
Darting our light, we ſhone the fogs away.
The Virtues conquer with a ſingle look.
Such grace, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
Live in their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
That the ſoul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure etherial flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppoſe our reign,
Would ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap;
Or in groſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falſehood and truth confounded, foil the ſenſe
With vain refracted images of bliſs.

ef around the court of flatter'd kings
ll the dufky rampart, wall o'er wall
neſs pile, and with their thickeſt ſhade
he throne. No ſavage Alp, the den
es, and bears, and monſtrous things obſcene,
x the ſwain, and waſte the country round,
d lies beneath a deeper cloud.
re we ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray.
the ſacred opening of the morn,
owling race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
our potent blaze theſe Demons fly,
their works diſſolve.—The whiſper'd tale,
ike the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
oks direct. The tongue that licks the duſt,
hen it ſafely dares, as prompt to ſting:
crocodile deſtruction, whoſe fell tears
. The Janus face of courtly pride;
ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
eſs worth the other ſcouls diſdain.
that for ſome weak tenderneſs, alone,
rtuous ſlip, can wear a bluſh. The laugh
ie, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,
ing virtue, and at virtue's fools.
n'd to be broke, the plighted faith;
re, the godleſs oath, that knows no ties.
zzing ſlander; ſilky moths, that eat
eſt name. The harpy hand, and maw,
icious Luxury; who makes
one his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,

And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king.
Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To preſent grandeur how my Britain roſe.
Bold were thoſe Britons, who, the careleſs ſons
Of nature, roam'd the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars:
For by the Druid taught, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd life that muſt again return.
Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And ſtill more tyrant cuſtom, unſubdued,
Man knows no maſter ſave creating Heaven,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcous fire, in Britons burn'd intenſe,
Of future times prophetic. Witneſs, Rome,
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,
Whoſe only fort was Britiſh hearts, repel'd,
To ſeek Pharſalian wreaths. Witneſs, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an empire's yoke, a ſtubborn iſle,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdued.
The north remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who ſcorn'd
To ſtoop, retir'd; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock,
From ſea to ſea deſponding legions rais'd
The wall immenſe, and yet, on ſummer's eve,

While

his lambkins round, the ſhepherd's gaze,
'er it burſt the northern ſtorm,
heck'd, receded; threatening hoarſe
irn. But the devouring flood
dur'd control, when, to ſupport
ains of empire, was recall'd
Roman, and the Briton lay
exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
! how men enfeeble into ſlaves.
behind him flaſh'd; before him roar'd,
woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
s eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
aractacus to battle led
ins, and Boadicea taught
troops the miſeries of ſlaves.
d relief!) from the bleak coaſt, that hears
n ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
iplor'd, but came with other aim
otect. For conqueſt and defence
ſame arm. With the fierce race
freſh invigorating ſtream;
re unquell'd a mighty ſpirit glow'd.
and perilous battle, their delight;
ure, and red with glorious wounds,
death their choice; deriving thence
eaſt, and drain immortal bowls
all; whoſe blazing roof reſounds
uproar of thoſe ſhades, who fall
fight, or by ſome brave attempt;

And though more poliſh'd times the martial creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all.
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing peace,
And matchleſs orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my Britiſh Reign. Untam'd
To the refining ſubtleties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom, which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian maſs
I ſtrong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious power: only, too much
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant heptarchy; and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons ſaw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.
No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the north anew,
With ſtormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a people felt.
The Daniſh Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land inceſſant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,

demon of devouring flame;
murder, all with blood beſmear'd,
ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
behind them march'd the ſallow power
famine, who delights
wn cities, and in deſert fields;
ſpotted peſtilence, by whom
hip ſcar'd, in ſickening horror ſinks
ſenſe and tenderneſs of life.
t, the ſanguinary race
a the Humber's loud-reſounding ſhore,
e Thames devolves his gentle maze,
perior arm the Saxon aw'd.
ion firſt, and monkiſh dreams,
directed cloyſter-ſeeking kings,
y his vigour, ate away
courage, and depreſs'd the ſoul
ng freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
led peace, exulting o'er the vale,
ith Alfred, from the wilds ſhe came
ities and protected plains.
grees the Saxon empire ſunk,
ire in Haſtings bloody field.
ious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
in'd) in that deciſive day,
y Norman ſeiz'd at once an iſle,
through many a century, in vain,
, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
ations this the final burſt;

And,

And, mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Theſe virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.
Awhile my ſpirit ſlept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret ſhade,
Deep-ſtung, but fearful, Indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with caſtles cruſh
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The ſhivering wretches, at the curfew ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport the peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the wild herd, the paſture of the tame,
The chearful hamlet, ſpiry town, was given,
And the brown foreſt roughen'd wide around.
But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual fla
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic ſway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine la
The barons next a nobler league began,

: of Engliſh and of Norman race,
ternal nation blended now,
n of the free! preſs'd by a band
s, ardent as the ſummer's noon
:s delighted on, the tyrant ſee!
ow with feign'd alacrity he bears
ɜ reluctance down, his dark revenge,
s the Charter, by which life indeed
of price, a glory to be man.
ɜh this and through ſucceeding reigns affirm'd
g conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
tion hence began to blow,
ı ſince have lent the country life.
eir breath corruption's inſect-blights,
ening clouds of evil counſel, fly;
ld they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
ıtial miniſtry, they purge,
ilated ſtates renew their bloom.
h with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
tic ſway, the people ſtill,
by this or that, as intereſt lean'd,
ıerfection knew. For Me reſerv'd,
my commons, was that glorious turn.
wn'd my firſt attempt, in ſenates roſe,
of freedom! flow till then, alone,
k'd that general liberty, that ſoul,
enerous nature breathes, and which, when left
o bondage was corrupted Rome,
h the northern nations wide diffus'd.
any a people, fierce with freedom, ruſh'd

From

... power. ... t on Brit
Now present, I to raise My reign
By raising the democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guard
Then was the full, the perfect plan
Of Britain's matchless constitution,
Of mutual checking and supporting
King, Lords, and Commons; nor
Deserving, while the vassal-many d
For since the moment of the whole
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balan
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual

When kings of narrow genius, m
Neglecting faithful worth for fawnin
Proudly regardless of their people's p
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not
Their ...

ry ſchemes of abſolute command,
: their ſplendor in their ſure diſgrace,
a broken ruin'd people wealth:
ſuch o'ercaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
rt, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
ı'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
ıe abroad, to happineſs at home.
when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
gh the charm'd whole one all-exerting ſoul:
ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:
counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
the maze of ſtate, determin'd kept
uling point in view: when, on the ſtock
›lic good and glory grafted, ſpread
palms, their laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,
:o return, and patient of reſtraint:
regal ſtate, pre-eminence of place,
ſcorn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
luxurious drones, that only rob
uſy hive: as in diſtinction, power,
ɜence, honour, and advantage, firſt;
they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
.or rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
ıard the ſubject, and to quell the foe:
ſuch with Me their vital influence ſhed,
utter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh, was heard;
ul diſtruſt through wary ſenates ran,
ı'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd:
ł, unqueſtion'd, liberal aid was given:

Safe

Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies ruſh'd;
And Creſſy, Poitiers, Agincourt, proclaim
What kings ſupported by almighty love,
And people fir'd with liberty, can do.
Be veil'd the ſavage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.
Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the barons of exceſſive ſway,
At pleaſure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty tyrants, plann'd
A law, that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſued,
Ev'n working to this day. With ſtreams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods, the country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with waſteful ſweep,
He foams along; but, through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand fields; and culture, trade,

Tow

, meadows, gliding ſhips, and villas mix'd,
a wondrous landſkip riſes round.
urious ſon the ſoul-enſlaving chain,
many a doating venerable age
k by link ſtrong-twiſted round the land,
)ff. No longer could be borne a power;
leaven pretended, to deceive, to void
lemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
b the generous ſoul, to fool mankind;
/ild at laſt, to plunge into a ſea
d, and horror. The returning light,
ft through Wickliff ſtreak'd the prieſtly gloom,
irſt in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
om the haunts of ſuperſtition crawl'd
tly ſons, fantaſtic figures all;
/ide-diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid wealth
:ful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
e, join'd to theſe, on every ſea diſplay'd
g canvaſs, pour'd with every tide
n flood. From other worlds were roll'd
lty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms,
)lain Indian happily deſpis'd,
k'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
nature liv'd herſelf among her ſons,
iocence and joy for ever dwelt,
ge unknown to Pagan climes before,
rſt the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.
ich horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
it for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
ommons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,

Againſt

Againſt the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
That never cloſes on a guarded world,
So ſought, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the public good,
That ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inſpir'd by Me, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging *univerſal ſway*,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the continent, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!
With confidence, unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
And daſh'd the pride of Spain around their iſle.
Nor ceas'd the Britiſh thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its aweful call;
In fire and ſmoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe ev'n to the centre ſhook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and ſkulking ſtole
By veering winds their Indian treaſure home.
Meantime, peace, plenty, juſtice, ſcience, arts,
With ſofter laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumſcrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulph, where ſwallow'd oft
The helpleſs ſubject lay. This to reduce
To the juſt limit was My great effort.

By means, that evil ſeem to narrow man,

Sup

beings work their myſtic will:
rm and trouble thus a ſettled calm,
effulgent, o'er Britannia ſmil'd.
athering tempeſt, Heaven-commiſſion'd, came,
the prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
pacific counſels rul'd the world;
ſcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
efs treaties; while at home enflav'd,
a worthleſs crew inſatiate drain'd,
iis people's confidence and love:
ole loſs! whence crowns become
ous burden. Years inglorious paſs'd:
iant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
i'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
iing that to theſe internal broils,
icour, he began; while lawleſs ſway
i his ſlaviſh doctors, try'd to rear
phyſic, on enchanted ground,
the mazy quibbles of the ſchools:
: one, and ſometimes for the worſt,
had mankind in vengeance only made.
pretence! not ſo the dire effect,
:e, the fooliſh diſcord thence deriv'd,
rs the country ſtill, by party-rage
iiſterial clamour kept alive.
i weak, and for the wordy war
d, faint this prince purſued his claim:
to teach the ſubject-herd, how great,
red he! how deſpicable they!
is unyielding ſon theſe doctrines drank,

With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reaſoning his fire); and what they taught
Warm, and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind reſtraint apply'd:
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the laws,
His juſtice-dreading miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of falſe deſigning guilt, the fountain he
Of public wiſdom and of juſtice ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing ſource,
Th' illegal impoſition follow'd harſh,
With execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted people, by a band
Of the worſt ruffians, thoſe of tyrant power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, ſpies,
Blood-hounds, that ſturdy freedom to the grove
Purſue; projectors of aggrieving ſchemes,
Commerce to load for unprotected ſeas,
To ſell the ſtarving many to the few,
And drain a thouſand ways th' exhauſted land.
Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace ſhould flow,
And goſpel truth, inhuman bigots ſhed
Their poiſon round; and on the venal bench,
Inſtead of juſtice, party held the ſcale,
And violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.
Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear

And mingled rage, My Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In indignant fit, behov'd some other arm.
When instant, from the keen retentive north,
By long oppression by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.
This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confusion's lawless sons defpoil'd,

King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the gr
Succeſſive, ruſh'd—Lo! from their aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State.
The grievous yoke of vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by thoſe flames diſſolv'd;
And, from the waſteful, the luxurious king,
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to be
Stronger reſtor'd, the commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on ſenates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd
And in full vigour ſpread that bitter root,
The paſſive doctrines, by their patrons firſt
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild delufive cant; the raſh cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, reſtleſs in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the conſtant need
Of finding faithleſs means, of ſhifting forms,
And flattering ſenates, to ſupply his waſte;
Theſe tore ſome moments from the careleſs prince,
And in his breaſt awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous ſoftneſs long he min'd his way;
By ſubtle arts, diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what corruption ſhower'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleaſing manners, fitted to deceive.
At laſt ſubſided the delirious joy,
On whoſe high billow, from the ſaintly reign

rove too far. A penſion'd king,
ountry brib'd by Gallic gold;
nicious ſold, the Scylla ſince,
rybdis of the Britiſh ſeas;
ck'd abroad, with ſurer blow
at home; the ſaviour-league
roke; the progreſs ev'n advanc'd
ſway, which to reduce
blood and treaſure Britain coſt;
, by a generous people given,
d vile, or to corrupt, diſgrace,
land with forces not their own,
he darling church herſelf betray'd;
ad glaring, op'd the general eye,
y ſpirit, the reſiſting ſoul.
at firſt, and half aſham'd, the check
ook from the fantaſtic dream
bmiſſion, tenets vile!
would bluſh to own, and which, reduc'd
always honeſt nature ſhock.
maſk remov'd, and the fierce front
ſclos'd; nor trampled laws;
ch badge of freedom through the land;
leeding for th' unpubliſh'd page;
nch avow'd corruption plac'd,
us rage itſelf, in Jefferies' form;
ſts of arbitrary power,
lſe, could raiſe the public arm.
catter'd, of combining chiefs
dreading blind rapacious war,

The patient publick turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rouz'd
The bigot king, and hurried fated on
His meaſures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet ſilence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful amazement, preſſing down his rage:
As, muſtering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns
Awefully ſtill, waiting the high command
To ſpring. Strait from his country Europe fav'd,
To ſave Britannia, lo! my darling ſon,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Naſſau came. I huſh'd the deep,
By demons rouz'd, and bade the liſted winds,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing ſhore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
With ſwelling ſails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when Juſtice draws the ſword:
And, mark! diffuſing ardent ſoul around,
And ſweet contempt of death, My ſtreaming flag.
Ev'n adverſe navies bleſs'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waſte of arms
His progreſs mark'd. The faint oppoſing hoſt
For once, in yielding, their beſt victory found,
And by deſertion prov'd exalted faith;

is the bloodleſs conqueſt of the heart,
/ithout groan, and triumph without war.
dawn'd the period deſtin'd to confine
ge of wild prerogative, to raiſe
d reſtraining its imperious rage,
the raving deep no farther flow.
:, without that fence, the ſwallow'd ſtate
an Belgian plains without their dykes,
g weighty ſeas. This, often ſav'd
than human hand, the publick ſaw,
'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
ve power, a wiſe heroic prince
t his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
ppineſs, Britannia's bounded Kings,
ough not their's the boaſt, in dungeon glooms,
ge bold freedom; or, to chearleſs wilds,
him from the cordial face of friend;
to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
ate blind, not juſtice, that delights
the keeneſt eye of open day.
ough no glory to control the laws,
ce injurious will their only rule,
em it! what though, tools of wanton power,
is armies ſwarm not at their call!
ough they give not a relentleſs crew
furies, proud oppreſſion's fangs!
it pleaſure the dejected land,
rving labour pampering idle waſte.
e the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
tleſs tear from lone affliction's eye;

To raiſe his merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nouriſh arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and through the downward de
Of future times to ſpread that better ſun
Which lights up Britiſh ſoul: for deeds like theſe
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior bliſs!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of deſpotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs good, without the power of ill.
And now behold! exalted as the cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, My Fabrick ſtands complete,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods, deſcend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the duſt.

NOT

NOTES on PART IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or eccleſiaſtical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Cruſades.

Ver. 91. The corruptions of the church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vaſſalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farneſe.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two ſons, deſtroyed by two ſerpents.

Ver. 186. See Æneid ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the moſt celebrated maſter of modern ſculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inſpiration, or enthuſiaſtical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Eſteemed the two fineſt pieces of modern ſculpture.

Ver. 244. The ſchool of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Piſa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the Great Duke

Duke of Tuſcany, except it be Lucca, which ſtill maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoeſe territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the moſt part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's ſyſtem of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the moſt flouriſhing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the paſſage to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America were diſcovered.

Ver. 294. Thoſe who fled to ſome marſhes in the Adriatic gulph, from the deſolation ſpread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, firſt founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, ſituated on the Lacus Lemanus, a ſmall ſtate, but noble example of the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiſs, after having been long abſent from their native country, are ſeized with ſuch a violent deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, called the Swiſs ſickneſs.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verſe 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not ſubmit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite croſs the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miſerably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable condition.—"We know not which way to turn us. "The barbarians drive us to ſea, and the ſea forces us "back to the barbarians; between which we have only "the choice of two deaths, either to be ſwallowed up "by the waves, or butchered by the ſword."

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the beſt general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glamorganſhire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her ſtory is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and

and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by ſickneſs or by age, went into vaſt caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noiſome creatures uſual to ſuch places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs ſtench and miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conqueſt of their neighbours and the ſlaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open houſe for all ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing in bowls made of the ſkulls of their enemies they had ſlain; according to the number of whom, every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained.

Sir William Temple's Eſſay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The ſeven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, conſidered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an aſſembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Weſſex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the firſt king of England,

Ver. 709. A famous Daniſh ſtandard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this ſtandard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no leſs famous in peace for his many excellent inſtitutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Haſtings, in which Harold II. the laſt of the Saxon kings, was ſlain, and William the Conqueror made himſelf maſter of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confeſſor, who reduced the Weſt-Saxon, Mercian, and Daniſh laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the Engliſh to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a ſevere fine.

Ver. 762. The New Foreſt in Hampſhire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compaſs was laid waſte.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, ſigned the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the firſt confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's intereſt againſt the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to ſend four knights, as repreſentatives of their reſpective ſhires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county

ty was ordered to ſend, as their repreſentatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeſſes. Till then, hiſtory makes no mention of them; whence a very ſtrong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the houſe of commons to that æra.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the Engliſh over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaſter.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century, publiſhed doctrines very contrary to thoſe of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppreſſion of monaſteries.

Ver. 912. The Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the houſe of Auſtria.

Ver. 937. The Spaniſh Armada. Rapin ſays, that after proper meaſures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver.

Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

mer. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England,

England, though his fleet had been at firſt diſperſed b a ſtorm, was afterwards extremely favoured by ſeveri changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his Hiſtory of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel and lay between Calais and Dover, to ſtay for the ſhip that were behind. Here the Prince called a council o war.—It is not eaſy to imagine what a glorious ſhow the fleet made. Five or ſix hundred ſhips in ſo narrow a channel, and both the Engliſh and French ſhores co vered with numberleſs ſpectators, are no common ſight For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own i ſtruck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himſelf in the main body, carrying a flag with Engliſh colours, and thei Highneſſes' arms ſurrounded with this motto, The Pr teſtant Religion and the Liberties of England; and u derneath the motto of the houſe of Naſſau, Je Mai tiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The Engliſh fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the A Succeſſion.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE

PROSPECT:

Being the FIFTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART V.

The Author addreſſes the Goddeſs of Liberty, marking the happineſs and grandeur of Great Britain, as ariſing from her influence; to ver. 88. She reſumes her diſcourſe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceſſary to maintain her eſtabliſhment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laſt ornament and finiſhing, ſciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of theſe urged from the example of France, though under a deſpotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a proſpect of future times, given by the Goddeſs of Liberty: this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in viſion before him.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interpoſing, as the Goddeſs paus'd;—
" Oh, bleſt Britannia! in thy preſence bleſt,
" Thou guardian of mankind! whence ſpring, alone,
" All human grandeur, happineſs, and fame:
" For toil, by Thee protected, feels no pain;
" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.
" Let other lands the potent bleſſings boaſt
" Of more exalting ſuns. Let Aſia's woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
" And let the little inſect-artiſt form,
" On higher life intent, its ſilken tomb.
" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, diſcloſe,
" The various-tinctur'd children of the ſun.
" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte
" Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burſt
" With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
" The Tuſcan olive. Let Arabia breathe
" Her ſpicy gales, her vital gums diſtil.
" Turbid with gold let ſouthern rivers flow;
" And orient floods draw ſoft, o'er pearls, their maze.

" Let Afric vaunt her treaſures; let Peru
" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed:
" The yellow traitor that her bliſs betray'd,—
" Unequal'd bliſs!—and to unequal'd rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous eaſt, nor golden ſouth,
" Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
" Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praiſe
" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs, ſhe
" Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms
" Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
" And, warm with culture, her thick-cluſtering field
" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
" Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring.
" She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chace:
" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
" Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe,
" That wraps the nations: ſhe, to luſty droves,
" The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and, her's, deep-wav
" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delights: and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
" Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities, full
" Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds:
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks

" Emboſom

high, while kindred floods below
gh the mead; and thoſe of modern hand,
ius, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
impid lakes, her rivers name,
n the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
ch tide, glad with returning ſails,
mingled harveſt of mankind?
hou Severn, whoſe prodigious ſwell,
reſounding, imitate the main?
name her deep capacious ports,
round the world? and why her ſeas?
her own, and every land
r ruling thunder ocean bears.
nineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
life art-civiliz'd the bond;
Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
g then of Britain's brighter fame.
freedom an undaunted race:
ealous, hoſpitable, kind,
rm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
tam'd, active in arts and arms,
reſtleſs, an impatient flame,
im raptur'd where ambition calls:
merit her's; where meet, combin'd,
gh fancy, ſound judicious thought,
nerous heart, undrooping ſoul,
acious valour can beſtow.
of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, She!
of men! By Thee, O Goddeſs, taught,

" Her old renown I trace, diſcloſe her ſource
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons ſing
" A ſtrain the Muſes never touch'd before."
" But how ſhall this thy mighty kingdom ſtan
" On what unyielding baſe? how finiſh'd ſhine?"
At this Her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and Her aweful voice
Majeſtic thus ſhe rais'd—" To Britons bear
" This cloſing ſtrain, and with intenſer note
" Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone My kingdom ſtand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd.
For, loſt this ſocial cement of mankind,
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away; till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſt by Virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without It Senates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without Thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Ev'n juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,

Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine and guile and violence break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.
By thoſe Three Virtues be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of Britiſh Freedom: Independent life;
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Paſſion for the Common-weal.
Hail! Independance, hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou ſecret ſource!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Free-man, walks his pleaſing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth;
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever-new.
Theſe chear his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,

When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Meantime true judging moderate deſires,
Oeconomy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom fortune heaps, without theſe virtues, reac
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within;
That Independance, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below:
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, ſla
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expenc
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain, and ſhame.
Inſtead of hearty hoſpitable chear,
See! how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, ſteep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark! thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſtone;
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts betri
And nature by preſumptuous art oppreſs'd,
The woodland genius mourns. See! the full b
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no joy
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with inſolence reſounds,
With thoſe retain'd by vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant faſhion mark

The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See! ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buz
Of maſquerade unbluſhing; or, to ſhow
Their ſcorn of nature, at the tragic ſcene
They mirthful ſit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
The tender fair, each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want,
At the throng'd levee beads the venal tribe:
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd o'er,
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each;
Till ſhook their patron by the wintery winds,
Wide flies the wither'd ſhower, and leaves him bare.
O, far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing ſlaves!
And, rich, as unſqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boaſt alone!
Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption fly
Twine round your heart in : chains!
The ſteel of Brutus in bonds

By

By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your Independance; for, that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the ſpreading eye.
Forbid it Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on My ſons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—The gracious, the confiding hai
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whoſe cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they ſee,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themſelves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; ſo, when a deſperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant ſpurn, and hopeleſs ſoar away.
But, ah, too little known to modern times!
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung;
That ray peculiar from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic ſoul;
Devotion to the Public. Glorious flame!
Celeſtial ardor! in what unknown worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd through the blue immenſe,
Haſt thou been bleſſing myriads, ſince in Rom
Old virtuous Rome, ſo many deathleſs names
From Thee their luſtre drew? ſince, taught by
Their poverty put ſplendor to the bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?

O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this My laſt retreat?
'Tis not enough, from ſelf right underſtood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though Virtue not diſdains appeals to ſelf,
Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy ſave her's.
Far leſs the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or thoſe whom private paſſions, for a while,
Beneath My ſtandard lift, can they ſuffice
To raiſe and fix the glory of My Reign?
An active flood of univerſal love
Muſt ſwell the breaſt. Firſt, in effuſion wide,
The reſtleſs ſpirit roves creation round,
And ſeizes every being: ſtronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred ſearch
Of bliſs allys: then, more collected ſtill,
It urges human-kind: a paſſion grown,
At laſt, the central parent-public calls
Its utmoſt effort forth, awakes each ſenſe,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This aweful pant, ſhook from ſublimer powers
Than thoſe of ſelf, th Heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation ruſhing prone
To preſs the public good, My ſyſtem ſoon,
Traverſe, to ſeveral ſelfiſh centers drawn,
Will reel to ruin: while for ever ſhut
Stand the bright ports of deſponding fame.
From ſordid ſelf ſhoot up no ſhining deeds,

None

None of thoſe ancient lights, that gladden earth
Give grace to being, and arouſe the brave
To juſt ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-buſtling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader ſcorns
The poor hiſtoric page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's ſhame.
Not ſo the times, when, emulation-ſtung,
Greece ſhone in genius, ſcience, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Thoſe, raptur'd, copy; theſe, aſtoniſh'd, read
True, a corrupted ſtate, with every vice
And every meanneſs foul, this paſſion damps.
Who can, unſhock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling ſmile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentleſs ſelf,
Equally vile if miſer or profuſe?
Powers not of God, aſſiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at diſtance from redreſs?
Delirious faction bellowing loud My name?
The falſe fair-ſeeming patriot's hollow boaſt?
A race reſolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My ſacred rights a merchandize alone
Eſteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?

ndeed can undeteſting ſee?—
pitying? To the generous eye
irtue; and, though ſelf-betray'd,
uggling with their fate muſt rouze
hrob. Nor can a land, at once,
rtue quite. How glorious then!
or gods! to ſave the good,
eeble, daſh bold vice aſide,
wicked, and reſtore the frail.
ſides, the young are pure,
ay tinge their father's cheek with ſhame.
en the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
s bend unnerv'd, not by the force
ore generous, and more manly, quell'd,
uption's ſoul-dejecting arts,
ent! and groſs! by their own gold,
ow'd, to bribe them to give all.
raging, or immers'd in ſloth,
Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
quering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
naval oak be baſely torn,
tremble at the ſtiffening gale,
ſs ſink while others ſing rejoic'd.
proſpect! ſcarce one gleam behind
ſhould the broad corruptive plague
n the city to the fartheſt hut,
ene within the foreſt-ſhade;
people fire, inflame their wants,
uxurious thirſt, ſo gathering rage,
a buyer found, they ſtand prepar'd

To ſell their birthright for a cooling draught.
Should ſhameleſs pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd aſſaſſins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public ſcoff,
Till private, failing, ſtaggers through the land:
Till round the city looſe mechanic want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury ſleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
Nay, till to loweſt deeds the higheſt ſtoop;
The rich, like ſtarving wretches, thirſt for gold;
And thoſe, on whom the vernal ſhowers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot beſtow,
A power to live to nature and themſelves,
In ſick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyleſs, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profuſion flows around,
The waſte of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulph abſorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rouz'd corruption ſtill demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful ſkill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling publick rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, ſerves but to nurſe
A locuſt-band within, and in the bud
Leaves ſtarv'd each work of dignity and uſe.
I paint the worſt. But ſhould theſe times arrive,

f any nobler paſſion yet remain,
.et all My ſons all parties fling aſide,
Deſpiſe their nonſenſe, and together join;
.et worth and virtue ſcorning low deſpair,
Exerted full, from every quarter ſhine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flaſh'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intenſe
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the ſtars effulge; fainter, at firſt,
They, ſtraggling, riſe; but when the radiant hoſt,
In thick profuſion pour'd, ſhine out immenſe,
Each caſting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this ſuperfluous ſtrain?—
Good-nature, honeſt truth ev'n ſomewhat blunt,
Of crooked baſeneſs and indignant ſcorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cauſe,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
or only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
many a bleſt retirement ſtill they dwell.
To ſofter proſpect turn we now the view,
laurel'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
at lend My finiſh'd Fabric comely pride,
ndeur, and grace. Of ſullen genius he!
'd by the Muſes! by the Graces loath'd!
deems beneath the publick's high regard
laſt enlivening touches of My reign.
ver puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
ion be; let trade enormous riſe,

Let

Let eaſt and ſouth their mingled treaſure pour,
Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burſt o'er the city, and devour the land:
Yet theſe neglected, theſe recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuiſance; and, oblivious ſunk,
That nation muſt another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental braſs,
On ſculptur'd marble, on the deathleſs page,
Impreſt, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the ſage had thought,
The legiſlator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath,
They rouze ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuſe,
Delight the general eye, and, dreſt by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, My cloſe aſſociate, ſtill attends
Wheree'er I go. Sometimes, in ſimple guiſe,
She walks the furrow with the conſul ſwain,
Whiſpering unletter'd wiſdom to the heart,
Direct; or, ſometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dreſt, ſhe charms Athenian wits,
And a whole ſapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
With Xenophon, ſometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate ſoul, and makes retreat
Unequal'd glory: with the Theban ſage,
Epaminondas, firſt and beſt of men!
Sometimes ſhe bids the deep-embattled hoſt,

lgar reach, reſiſtleſs form'd,
: conqueſt—never gain'd before!
eacherous ſeas of giddy ſtate
: when the triumphant tide
ı empire wears one boundleſs ſmile,
tempts to new purſuits of fame,
ith Scipio, ſhe collects her ſail,
: bliſsful ſhore of rural eaſe,
h' Aonian maids, no ſyrens ſing;
deep-brew'd tempeſt muttering riſe,
ınd ſhoals perfidious lurk around,
ıe her wide-reviving light
lds, a Catiline confounds.
hile from Cæſar ſinking Rome.
power, whoſe piercing eye diſſolves
'etter, and ſets reaſon free;
ing an enlighten'd zeal,
acious as the more convinc'd
'eemen, and how wretched ſlaves.
ɔt unknown, to Britons full
ſpreads her ſtores, the ſecret ſoul
ı trade, the breath unſeen that wafts
:reaſures of a balanc'd world.
(ſave what the Muſe has ſung
ıt, above all modern wing)
op the head; and Public Works,
uption into private gain,
, diſgrace; not ſerve, deſtroy.
ıs, by their own joint wiſdom rul'd
ɔyal head, whoſe vital power

Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and public works, ſhall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depreſt, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, ſhould th' unkingly thirſt of gold,
Or tyrant paſſions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locuſt-armies o'er the blaſted land:
Drains from its thirſty bounds the ſprings of wealth,
His own inſatiate reſervoir to fill:
To the lone defart patriot-merit frowns,
Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, burſting, for their nobler works
All other licence ſcorn but Truth's and Mine.
Oh, ſhame to think! ſhall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the better laurel loſe?
Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreams,
By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To graſp unbounded ſway; while, ſwarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hoſtile hands while treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great ſource of treaſure, ſubjects' blood,
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while My ſuperior ſons,
In vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What public works at home, what arts aroſe!
What various ſcience ſhone! what genius glow'd!
'Tis not for me to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair extents of land, the ſhining road;

Th

od-compelling arch; the long canal,
gh mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
me refounding sweet with infant joy,
amine sav'd, or cruel-handed flame,
ist where valour counts his noble scars;
nd where social pleasure loves to dwell,
fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;
bber from his farthest forest chas'd;
irbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
ire peace the best police refin'd,
ficence, and grace, and decent joy.
illic bards record, how honour'd Arts,
cience, by despotic bounty bless'd,
ance flourish'd from My parent-eye,
ing ancient taste, how Boileau rose.
he big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
embling stage. In elegant Racine;
he more powerful, though more humble voice
ure-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd
hole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
;'d and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
atter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
ife itself. To public honours rais'd,
earning in warm seminaries spread;
more for glory than the small reward,
mulation strove. How their pure tongue
t obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,
Poussin came; ancient Design, that lifts
:r front, and looks another soul.

How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
The fam'd and only picture, eaſy, gives,
Refin'd her touch, and, through the ſhadow'd piece
All the live ſpirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyeſt of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon ariſe.
How laviſh grandeur blaz'd; the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid it's arid ſhades.
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay ſiſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace chear'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
  Theſe laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, it's diſhonour ſhade,
And, green through future times, ſhall bind thy bro
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? Superior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of freedom ſwell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
A falſe uncertain ſpring, when bounty gives,
Weak without me, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies

Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom: then malignant riſe
The blights of envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds,
That, blaſting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his Prince's ſoul,
His wavering ardor fix, and uncertain'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at laſt, and wintery tyrants come,
Each ſprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with Me Imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal ſpring:
While mingled autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and nature can produce.
Here ceas'd the Goddeſs; and Her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for ſudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer.
"Oh, formive light of life! O, better ſun!
"Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
"Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
"That, unſtain'd æther all, diffuſive ſmile:
"*When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?*
"*And when Thy work complete?*" Straight with her hand,
Celeſtial red, ſhe touch'd my darken'd eyes.
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:

The future ſhone diſclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright riſing æras inſtant ruſh'd to light.
" They come! Great Goddeſs! I the times beh
" The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
" Have earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs renown
" In the warm ſtruggles of the ſenate fight.
" The times I ſee! whoſe glory to ſupply,
" For toiling ages, commerce round the world
" Has wing'd unnumber'd ſails, and from each la
" Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with R
" Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our a
" Lo! Princes I behold! contriving ſtill,
" And ſtill conducting firm ſome brave deſign;
" Kings! that the narrow joyleſs circle ſcorn,
" Burſt the blockade of falſe deſigning men,
" Of treacherous ſmiles, of adulation fell,
" And of the blinding clouds around them throw
" Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
" And virtue dear to them; their beſt delight,
" In juſt proportion, to give general joy;
" Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
" The public glory theirs; unſparing love
" Their endleſs treaſure; and their deeds their pr
" With Thee they work. Nought can reſiſt your
" Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats,
" Strong ſpread the blooms of genius, ſcience, a
" His baſhful bounds diſcloſing merit breaks;
" And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows
" Expanſive o'er the land. Another race
" Of generous youth, of patriot-ſires, I ſee!

vain inſects fluttering in the blaze
and ball and play; theſe venal ſouls,
n's veteran unrelenting bands,
heir vices ſlaves, can ne'er be free.
: Fountain 's purg'd? whence life derives
turbid flow; ſee the young mind
apure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
laſtic jargon bloated proud,
and nouriſh'd by the light of truth.
m'd through fancy the refining ray,
ng on the heart, the paſſions feel
iforming light and moving flame;
, public, graceful action crowns
:. Behold! the fair contention glows,
mind or body can adorn,
to life. Inſtead of barren heads,
pedants, wrangling ſons of pride,
-perplexing metaphyſic wits,
iots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
ſtice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
'd ſhines on all, and from her beam,
guilt, retire the ſavage crew,
l amid the darkneſs they themſelves
vn around the laws. Oppreſſion grieves,
her legal furies bite the lip,
ks and Talbots their deep ſnares detect,
ſwift juſtice through the clouds they raiſe.
ial Labour lifts his guarded head,
not yield to government in vain.
ure land is rooted ruſſian force,

" And, the lewd nurſe of villains, idle waſte; [bowl,
" Lo! raz'd their haunts, down daſh'd their maddening
" A nation's poiſon! beauteous order reigns!
" Manly ſubmiſſion, unimpoſing toil,
" Trade without guile, civility that marks
" From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves thy ſons,
" And fearleſs peace. Or ſhould affronting war
" To ſlow but dreadful vengeance rouze the juſt,
" Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
" Their own bleſt iſle againſt a leaguing world.
" Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
" Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal ſway:
" The winds and ſeas are Britain's wide domain;
" And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
" Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſuns,
" Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
" Of undeſerv'd diſtreſs, the better home
" Of thoſe whom bigots chace from foreign lands.
" Not built on rapine, ſervitude, and woe,
" And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;
" But, bound by ſocial freedom, firm they riſe;
" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
" And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah ſees.
" Horrid with want and miſery, no more
" Our ſtreets the tender paſſenger afflict.
" Nor ſhivering age, nor ſickneſs without friend,
" Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
" Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltleſs pangs, I ſee! The ſtores, profuſe,

" Which

" Which Britiſh Bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
" No more the ſacrilegious riot ſwell
" Of cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
" No ſtarving wretch the land of freedom ſtains:
" If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
" If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable due;
" And will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
" Sweet ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
" The morning ſhines, in mercy's dews array'd.
" Lo! how they riſe! theſe families of Heaven!
" That! chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why ſo late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
" What ſmiles of praiſe! and, while their ſong aſcends,
" The liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
" Hark! the gay Muſes raiſe a nobler ſtrain,
" With active nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
" Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
" Of various ſtring, and heart-felt image fill'd.
" Behold! I ſee the dread delightful ſchool
" Of temper'd paſſions, and of poliſh'd life,
" Reſtor'd: behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
" Calls from embelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
" Or lights up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
" Lo! vaniſh'd monſter-land. Lo! driven away
" Thoſe that Apollo's ſacred walls prophane:
" Their wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
" Unknown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
" O'er the brute ſcene its ouran-outangs pours;
" Deteſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
" Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

" Behold!

" Behold! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
" Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
" Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler route
" Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thoughts;
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
" The gaudy tools, and priſoners, no more.
" Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confeſs:
" For kings and ſenates fit, the palace ſee!
" The temple breathing a religious awe;
" Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taſte, never idly working, ſaves expence.
" See! Sylvan ſcenes, where art, alone, pretends
" To dreſs her miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms:
" Such as a Pope in miniature has ſhown;
" A Bathurſt o'er the widening foreſt ſpreads;
" And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiſwick, Scowe.
" Auguſt, around, what public works I ſee!
" Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ſquares that court the breez
" In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid road.
" Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's ſtand)
" With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chafing flood.
" See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling main
" The whole enliven'd iſle. Lo! ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their ſhelt'ring arms.

" Lo

I ſtreaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
every pointed coaſt the light-houſe towers;
d, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
urk! how the baffled ſtorm indignant roars."
thick to view theſe varied wonders roſe,
k all my ſoul with tranſport, unaſſur'd,
Viſion broke; and, on my waking eye,
d the ſtill ruins of dejected Rome.

NOTES

NOTES on PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleſworth in his account of Den mark ſays,—It is obſerved, that in limited monarchie and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the ſeat of th government is advantageous to the ſubjects; whilſt th diſtant provinces are leſs thriving, and more liable t oppreſſion.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thouſan was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the La cedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra made an incurſion at the head of a powerful army, int Laconia. It was now ſix hundred years ſince the Do rians had poſſeſſed this country, and in all that time th face of an enemy had not been ſeen within their territo ries. Plutarch in Ageſilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hoſpitals for foundlings an invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belle Lettres, and of Painting.*

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hoſpital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, moſt re ſembles man.—See Dr. Tyſon's treatiſe on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirenceſter.

A POEM,

A POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

SHALL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his ſtars; and every Muſe,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
Of honours due to his illuſtrious name?
But what can man? Ev'n now the ſons of light,
In ſtrains high-warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And ſung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aſpire,
In nature's general ſymphony to join.
And what new wonders can you ſhow your gueſt!
Who, while on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil
Clouded in duſt, from motion's ſimple laws,
Could trace the ſecret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this univerſal frame.
Have ye not liſten'd while he bound the ſuns,
And planets, to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft diſgrac'd
The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! Who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din

Of

Of ſpecious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the ſyſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing through, he by the blended power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve.
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the moons
To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.
Her every motion clear-diſcerning, he
Adjuſted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again

The

e revertive, unattracted, leaves
w waſte of idle ſands behind.
breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
h the blue infinite; and every ſtar,
the clear concave of a winter's night
n the eye, or aſtronomic tube,
tching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs;
as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
y ſhine alone, at his approach
nto ſuns, the living centre each
armonious ſyſtem: all combin'd,
l'd unerring by that ſingle power,
draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
nprofuſe magnificence divine!
lom truly perfect! thus to call
few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
ſo various, beautiful, and great,
verſe compleat! And, O belov'd
ven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye,
'ſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
ng, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
firſt of men, with aweful wing purſued
met through the long elliptic curve,
id innumerous worlds he wound his way;
the forehead of our evening ſky
'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
rling *vortices*, and circling *ſpheres*,
r firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.

The

The ſchools aſtoniſh'd ſtood; but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton roſe, our philoſophic ſun.

Th' aërial flow of ſound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of ſpeed immenſe,
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit, and meaſuring eye.
Ev'n light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing green.
Then the pure blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt.
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful,

Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,
And myriads ſtill remain; infinite ſource
Of beauty, ever-bluſhing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught ſo fair,
Dreaming in whiſpering groves, by the hoarſe brook?
Or prophet, to whoſe rapture heaven deſcends!
Ev'n now the ſetting ſun and ſhifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How juſt, how beauteous, the *refractive law*.
The noiſeleſs tide of time, all bearing down
To vaſt eternity's unbounded ſea,
Where the green iſlands of the happy ſhine,
He ſtemm'd alone; and to the ſource (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) aſcending, rais'd
His lights at equal diſtances, to guide
Hiſtorian, wilder'd on his darkſome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the Muſe then graſp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that power
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few,

Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh, ſpeak the wondrous man! how mild, how c
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection: far above
Thoſe little cares, and viſionary joys,
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.

And you, ye hopeleſs gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?

But, hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome aweful change is come,
Sound through the world—*'Tis done—The meaſure*
And I reſign my charge.—Ye mouldering ſtones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhip name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt

While Newton lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac ſong. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.
O, Britain's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light *himſelf*; oh, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preſide,
And be her Genius call'd! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth.
For, though deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar:
While, in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

A POEM

To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord TALBOT, Lord Chancellor of Great-Britain. Addreſſed to his SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt; permit the Muſe,
The Muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where intereſt ends,
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow, but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now—
Unhappy that ſhe may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united ſaw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd ſoul,
The graceful eaſe, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wiſdom, that all-quickening ſun,
Whence every life, in juſt proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams

Awaken'd

Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence ſteady, calm,
Diffuſive, deep, and clear, his reaſon ſaw,
With inſtantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliſs
Pertains, that nobleſt ſcience, fit for man:
And hence, reſponſive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In conſort foul agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender ſenſe,
What talents, or what virtue, was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give uſeful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in ſtudious ſhade to lie,
In ſoft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With ſelfiſh peace. The fyren of the wiſe,
(Who ſteals th' Aonian ſong, and, in the ſhape
Of virtue, wooes them from a worthleſs world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His ſtrenuous ſpirit, recollected, calm,
As ſilent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
Preſs to uſurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of ſneaking intereſt or luxurious vice,
The villain's paſſions, quick e to toil,
And dart a livelier vig ugn the ſoul,
Than tho min with our trueſt good,
With pre immortal fame,

Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lies, with future ſchemes amus'd,
While wickedneſs and folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in deathlike ſloth one pulſe of life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward eaſe,
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the ſpring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him Aſtrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happineſs and juſtice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, ſought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model ſtates:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful ſleep could hold
His ſtill-awaken'd ſoul; nor friends had charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing guile, one uſeful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.

wearied ſteps, by virtue led,
ſummit of that ſacred hill,
above black envy's darkening clouds,
mple lifts its radiant front.
torious ravagers, no more!
man comets! ſhrink your blaze!
glory to your terrors owe,
azing deſolated earth,
mine, peſtilence, and war;
e this vernal ſun of fame;
tneſs! beaming life and joy.
art liſten'd while he, pleading, ſpoke!
enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
ſon ſo perſuaſive ſtole,
n'd hearer thought it was his own.
e ſtudious of the laws, again
hanting leſſons bleſs your ear?
gain the darkeſt truths, perplext,
e day? when ſhall the harſh
pen into ſmiling caſe?
with elegant delight?
lent with the pureſt light
ir conviction on the ſoul,
th lawful flame th' impaſſion'd heart.
is gift with him was ſafely lodg'd
He, ſacred to his country's cauſe,
vant and worth, to ſuffering right,
idow's and her orphan's woes,
ighty charm. With equal brow,
the ſmiles or frowns of power,

He all that nobleſt eloquence effus'd,
With generous paſſion, taught by reaſon, breathes:
Then ſpoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the ſeat of juſtice, there he reign'd,
In a ſuperior ſphere of cloudleſs day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
No paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear ſerene
That round him ſpread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of juſtice, like the ſteady ſun,
Its equal ardour lent; and ſometimes rais'd
Againſt the ſons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet ſtill by ſober dignity reſtrain'd.
As intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the truth,
Yet with progreſſive patience, ſtep by ſtep,
Self-diffident, or to the ſlower kind,
He through the maze of falſehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the laſt, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And ev'n the loſer own'd the juſt decree.
But when, in ſenates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd ſalubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His inſight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple ſenſe to flow,
And the plain patriot ſmooth'd the brow of law.
No ſpecious ſwell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear; no ſtudy'd maze

Of

lamation, to perplex the right,
kening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
own force, all-powerful reaſon ſpoke;
on the great, the ruling point, at once,
am'd deciſive day, and ſhow'd it vain
gthen farther out the clear debate.
tion breathes conviction; to the heart,
ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
art attends: for let the *venal* try
every hardening ſtupifying art,
muſt prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
ature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.
old him in the councils of his prince.
faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
viſdom! ſuch abilities! and, join'd
tue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
onour of ſuch adamantine proof,
n corruption, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,
not have *tempted!* Yet of manners mild,
winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
lation to receive, or give.
the ſtate, where wakes a ruling eye
h inſpection keen, and general care!
h a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
nay reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
ver-jealous freedom ſleep in peace.
loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
nany a patriot counſel with him loſt!
els, that might have humbled Britain's foe,

Her

Her native foe, from eldeſt time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let learning, arts, let univerſal worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge.
Unlike the ſons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the publick, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous ſource of good.
His ſympathizing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream, that chears the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current, from the naked root,
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their ſtores, the ſtill night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and ſong.
Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.

There,

There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe.
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
As joyous, diſentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his ſons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
The pure ſerene, the chearful wiſdom mild,
The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, through the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O *Rundle! lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,

* Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry, in Ireland.

Where

Where Derry's mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Though fr native ſun-ſhine driv
Driven from your fri s, the ſun-ſhine of the ſ
By ſlanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bleſs your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendſhip glows to future tim
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſcloſ'
From mingled chemic oils as burſts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious ther
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plai
Mirth ſoften'd wiſdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple nature's unaffected ſons,
The blameleſs Indians, round the foreſt-chear,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe: nor, of old,
Rome's aweful conſuls, her dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attick meal,
Where Socrates preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience reign'd.

t far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
mily, or friends, or native land,
ft degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
ıded his benevolence: a friend
ıman kind, to parent nature's works.
:e acceſs, and of engaging grace,
as a brother to a brother owes,
:pt an open judging ear for all,
pread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
air effulgence of an open heart;
: on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
ıthing human foreign was to him.
us to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
ıard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:
kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
l, through lateſt time, enrich your race,
ı groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
vith their authors in oblivion ſunk
itles lie, the ſervile badges oft
an ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
genuine honour its large patent holds
mankind, through every land and age,
verſal reaſon's various ſons,
v'n of God himſelf, ſole perfect judge!
ıow, theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
id terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
d by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
ıant ſeeks our faults, cannot through life,
the nameleſs inſects of a court,

Unheeded

Unheeded ſteal: but, with his fire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That ſhould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Through ever-brightening ſcenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another ſource,
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.

Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal goodneſs, on this darkſome ſpot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him

joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
vho is he, that with a fonder eye
thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
eſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
iope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
vhile the kindred ſouls of every land,
e'er divided in the fretful days
judice and error) mingled now,
: ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
e God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
:e the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
ins of earthly woes, for us below,
or our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
:aſe, preſumptuous Muſe, nor vainly ſtrive
iit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down:
ot for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
s, that our groſs ideas groveling caſt
d, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.
'give, immortal ſhade! if aught from earth,
duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
e flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
ond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
ry heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
hy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widow's ſighs,
phan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
s of juſtice and the ſons of ſtrife,
or freedom or who intereſt prize,
divided nation's parties all,
to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
ven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres

With

Whatever good and excellent ſh

POEMS ON SEVERA

TO HIS ROYAL

THE PRINCE

WHILE ſecret-leaguing n
Ready to pour the long
While She, who wont the reſtle
Britannia, drooping, grows a
While on our vitals ſelfiſh parti
And deep corruption eats our ſo

Yet in the Goddeſs of the Main

more enchanting than the Muſe's ſong,
nited Britons thy dear Offſpring hail:
e city triumphs through her glowing throng;
he ſhepherd tells his tranſport to the dale;
e ſons of rougheſt toil forget their pain,
d the glad ſailor chears the midnight main.

aught from fair Auguſta's gentle blood,
nd thine, thou friend of liberty! be born
aught ſave what is lovely, generous, good;
hat will, at once, defend us, and adorn?
m thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
w Henrys, Annas, and Elizas riſe.

y fate my fond devoted days extend,
o ſing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
at though, by years depreſs'd, my Muſe might bend;
y heart will teach her ſtill a nobler ſtrain:
w, with recover'd Britain, will ſhe ſoar,
en France inſults, and Spain ſhall rob no more.

VERSES occaſioned by the Death of Mr. AIKMAN, a particular Friend of the Author's.

AS thoſe we love decay, we die in part,
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart;
l looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
ithout one pang is glad to fall away.
happy he, who lateſt feels the blow,
hoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
ragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
ly dying, all he can reſign is breath.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou ſoul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh, viſit thou my ſoothing dream!

EPITAPH on Miss STANLEY,*

In Holyrood Church, Southampton.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as GOD made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who, to all the beauty, modeſty,
And gentleneſs of nature,
That ever adorned the moſt amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the moſt heroical man;
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the conſolation, and pattern of her friends,
A miſtreſs not only of the Engliſh and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
Without vanity or pedantry,
At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, deſperate illneſs,
Which, with a Roman ſpirit,
And a Chriſtian reſignation,
She endured ſo calmly, that ſhe ſeemed inſenſible
To all pain and ſuffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent ſoul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,

* See what is ſaid of this lady in "Summer."

The memory of her virtues for her greateſt ſupp
Virtues which, in her ſex and ſtation of life
Were all that could be practiſed,
And more than will be believed,
Except by thoſe who know what this inſcription r

HERE, Stanley, reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!

O, born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign.
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Bleſt be the bark! that wafts us to the ſhore,
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

To the Reverend Mr. MURDOCH, Rector of Straddiſhall, in Suffolk, 1738.

THUS ſafely low, my friend, thou can'ſt not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford,
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhivering limbs again.

Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor ſtores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing, that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing, when ſpring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their muſic, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFICK DOCTOR.

SWEET, ſleeky Doctor! dear pacific ſoul!
Lay at the beef, and ſuck the vital bowl!
Still let th' involving ſmoak around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulneſs ſettle in thine eye.
Ah! ſoft in down theſe dainty limbs repoſe,
And in the very lap of ſlumber doze;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent gloriès of thy face;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And ſure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in ſleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the Lethargic Book thy head.
Theſe eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeaſurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be ſung,
Nor let thy thoughts be diſtanc'd by thy tongue;
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'ſt to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the ſwimming head we bend;
But when ſerene, the pulpit you aſcend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the conſenting audience ſleeps.
So when an aſs with ſluggiſh front appears,
The horſes ſtart, and prick their quivering ears;
But ſoon as e'er the ſage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE 's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;
Whoſe gilded roofs on ſhining columns riſe,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
Whoſe table flows with hoſpitable chear,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whoſe vallies ſmile, whoſe gardens breathe the Sp
Whoſe carved mountains bleat, and foreſts ſing;
For whom the cooling ſhade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whoſe wide fields unbounded Autumn pour
A golden tide into his ſwelling ſtores:
Whoſe Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gale
Stretch the big ſheet, and toiling Commerce ſails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleaſure ſerves
While youth, and health, and vigour, ſtring his n
Ev'n not all theſe, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;
Where Judgement ſits clear-ſighted, and ſurveys
The chain of Reaſon with unerring gaze;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer ſcenes, and bolder figures riſe;
Where ſocial Love exerts her ſoft command,
And plays the Paſſions with a tender hand,
Whence every Virtue flows, in rival ſtrife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canſt thou, Doddington, this truth decline
Thine is the Fortune, and the Mind is thine.

On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be built at WESTMINSTER.

BY Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river roſe,
And thus exclaim'd: "Have I, ye Britiſh ſwains,
"Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
"Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increaſe,
"And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
"Have I, ye merchants, with each ſwelling tide,
"Pour'd Afric's treaſure in, and India's pride?
"Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
"Made every climate your's, and every ſoil?
"Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming baſe,
"Yet muſt a Wooden Bridge my waves diſgrace?
"Tell not to foreign ſtreams the ſhameful tale,
"And be it publiſh'd in no Gallic vale."
He ſaid; and, plunging to his cryſtal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

SONG.

I.

ONE day the God of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II. The

II.

The ſhepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, ſoftly-ſighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have ſubdued my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The ſlave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
  With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
  Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.

But, if, at firſt, her virgin fear
  Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name,
With that of friendſhip ſooth her ear—
  True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

S O N G.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
  In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
  Without my love there is no ſpring.

S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
  An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid

Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG

COME, gentle God of ſoft deſire,
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt!
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonſenſe dreſt.

Theſe are the vain diſguiſe of love;
And, or beſpeak diſſembled pains,
Or elſe a fleeting paſſion prove—
The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe;
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art:
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.

)me with goodneſs in thy train,
ith peace, and tranſport void of ſtorm,
would'ſt thou me for ever gain,
: on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

:nded to have been inſerted in the Fourth Act of SOPHONISBA, a Tragedy.

)ME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
ature lives beneath thy ray,
wintery tempeſts haſte away,
:id calm inveſts the ſea,
native deep is full of thee;
flowering earth wheree'er you fly,
o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky.
nial ſpirit warms the breeze;
en among the blooming trees,
feather'd lovers tune their throat,
deſert growls a ſoften'd note,
o'er the meads the cattle bound,
love and harmony go round.
t chief into the human heart
ſtrike the dear delicious dart;
teach us pleaſing pangs to know
nguiſh in luxurious woe,
:el the generous paſſions riſe,
good by gazing, mild by ſighs;

Each

Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has foil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah, then! his ſtormy heart control,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

O D E.

O Nightingale, beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet nightingale, to r

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fat
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms

You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws
  Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell whereever roving fancy draws,
  And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:
But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
  Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame:
And hence, in vain I languiſh for my bride;
  O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame.

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
  Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the ſacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark; by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
  A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.

'Tis extaſy with wiſdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

O D E

ON ÆOLUS'S HAR

I.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret gr
Ye unſeen beings, to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's h
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complaining

III.

But, hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit thu
Or he the ſacred Bard †; who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's wo

* Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, wh
with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its p
are fully deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.
† Jeremiah.

I

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir, [raiſe;
Through heaven's high dome their aweful anthem
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering ſpirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe, my Muſe forgets to ſing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleaſing Solitude,
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But, from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.

Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And chear thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell;

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens firſt began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and ſhew th' impaſſion'd mind;
The truly wiſe have ever deem'd the ſtage
The moral ſchool of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic Muſe appears,
Queen of ſoft ſorrows, and of uſeful fears.
Faint is the leſſon reaſon'd rules impart:
She pours it ſtrong and inſtant through the heart.
If virtue is her theme; we ſudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
If vice ſhe paints; indignant paſſions riſe:
The villain ſeems himſelf with loathing eyes.
His ſoul ſtarts, conſcious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.
To-night our meaning ſcene attempts to ſhow
What fell events from dark ſuſpicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawleſs monarch's mind,
To the falſe herd of flattering ſlaves confin'd.

The ſoul ſinks gradual to ſo dire a ſtate;
Ev'n excellence but ſerves to feed its hate:
To hate remorſeleſs, cruelty ſucceeds,
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.
Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modeſt hopes depreſs'd by conſcious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance thoſe,
His verſe with heart-felt love of virtue glows,
All ſlighter errors let indulgence ſpare:
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this beſt Britiſh privilege we call:
Then—as he merits, let him ſtand, or fall.

DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I ſin
Thy various Seaſons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her bloſſoms, various as thy Muſe.
And, like thy ſoft compaſſion, ſheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expreſſion glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeneſs throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' inſtructed reader gains,
Who taſtes the meaning purpoſe of thy ſtrains.
Winter—but that no ſemblance takes from thee;
That hoary ſeaſon yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak ſtorms I withering lay,
Leafleſs, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet ſhall my propleſs ivy, pale and bent,
Bleſs the ſhort ſunſhine which thy pity lent.

EPITAPH

ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boaſt thoſe honours Sculpture can beſtow;
Short-liv'd renown! that every moment muſt
Sink with its emblem, and conſume to duſt!
But Thomſon needs no artiſt to engrave,
From dumb Oblivion no device to ſave;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior aſk;
Nature for him aſſumes herſelf the taſk;
The Seaſons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flouriſh, as from them it came.

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MR. HAMMOND'S

LOVE ELEGIES.

« Virginibus puerisque canto."

First printed in 1743.

PREFACE.

[By LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Publick, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgement, or partial friendſhip; for the Editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

The Author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgement and correctneſs, neither of which ſeem wanting here. But ſincere in his love as in his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart; he ſate down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write; it was nature and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected

plaintive

plaintive language of the tender paſſions; the tr
giac dignity and ſimplicity are preſerved, and
the one without pride, the other without me
Tibullus ſeems to have been the model our Auth
diciouſly preferred to Ovid; the former writing
from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often
ing and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

The undiſſipated youth of the Author, allow
time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the antien
his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of the
upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and vir
formed not only his genius, but his heart, bo
prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the reſem
He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimpli
thought and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſh
preſerved their writings to this day; but he reve
love of their country, that contempt of riches, t
credneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic an
virtues, which marked them out as the objects
veneration, though not the imitation, of ſuc
ages; and he looked back with a kind of religio
and delight, upon thoſe glorious and happy t
Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and
formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invit
ruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlaver
ſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe
ments he lived, and would have lived, even i
times; in theſe ſentiments he died—but in theſ
too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, ſed*
mors eſſe videatur.

L

OVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Neæra.

AREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain:
w Neæra, and her inſtant ſlave,
ough born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

· uſage well repays my coward heart,
anly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
s fix'd a rock amidſt the watery roar,
l in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

eu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
ıy ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
humble voice would move one only maid,
l ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

› not aſk the lofty Epic ſtrain,
· ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere;
ıly ſing one cruel maid to gain,
eu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No

No more in uſeleſs innocence I 'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I 'll tear its honours from the broken ſhrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But Love muſt act what Avarice requires.

Unwiſe who firſt, the charm of nature loſt,
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep:

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

ible to ſatisfy the covetous Temper of Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and by, if poſſible, to forget her.

DIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I 'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
poil and war is bent this iron age:
pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
ated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.

purchaſe ſpoil, ev'n love itſelf is ſold,
lover's heart is leaſt Neæra's care,
I I through war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
for myſelf, but for my venal fair:

t while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
l art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
ile ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
s be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand,
s the bright gems that grow in India's ſoil,
s the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the gods' eternal reſt
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in va

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hai
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands cro
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wour
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend

ut the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Vhoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
'hough ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
1 every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

.nd, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
Vhen dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
'he pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
.nd round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

Vith flowery garlands, each revolving year,
hall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
'hen home returning, drop the pious tear,
.nd bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long Indiſpoſition.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
)r tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Vhoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

'he ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
.onely and ſick on death is all my thought,
)h, ſpare, Perſephone, this guiltleſs head,
.ove, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

Jo virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
Ay tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
Jo poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
lor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

Nor age yet bent me with
Ah! why ſo ſoon the ten
Ere autumn yet the ripen'

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloo
Now ſlowly tread your m
Now wandering view the
And muſing hearken to t

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the
Till, many years unheed
Pleas'd in my age, I trifl
And tell how much we l

But you, who now, with
In chace of pleaſure the g
By quick enjoyment heal
And grieve for nothing b

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſooth his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youth who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

I ſcorn the ——
Nor heed cold watchings on the
If all the hardſhips I for love ſt
With love's victorious joys at l

With ſudden ſtep let none our l
Or check the freedom of ſecure
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their ſ

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, th' imp
Though queſtion'd by the pow
The prating tongue ſhall love'
Still ſue for grace, and never

A wizard-dame, the lover's ar
With magic charm has deaft
At her command I ſaw the ſt
And winged lightnings ſtop i

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave t
with ghaſtly ſpectres round

e gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
ıey dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
r me they make a huſband nothing know,
r me, and only me, they make him blind:

ıt what did moſt this faithful heart ſurprize,
e boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
ıis faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
ıw could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

e adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendſhip with Cælia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
ficious hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
e tells them ſtill,—To-morrow will be fair.

e tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
ıt can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
ho ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

' all the joys thy deareſt Cælia gave,
ıt not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
ıd ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn:

› her I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
e nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
e ſtill would pity what the wife might blame,
ıd feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

And lonely ſitting by the file
I tell it all the griefs my wro
The marble image ſeems to h

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall
And ſtand before thee all in v
That ruthleſs boſom will diſtu
And call forth pity from etern

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournf
Though much thou ſuffer, to
Ah, to recal the ſad remembra
One tear from her, is more tha

E L E G

On Delia's being in the
ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to

NOW Delia breathes in w

The ſcorching heats I 'd careleſſly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdued to love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſooth their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt, and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing Siſter ſaw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Python ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage-ſwain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With Harveſt's chearful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I 'll do.—I 'll plough, or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Del

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then, old with love, inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And, when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink, o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno! with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire;
This one fond wiſh, if you refuſe to hear,
Oh, let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has loſt Delia.

E who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
I was the man, but harder, in my mind,
lover ſtill who dy'd not of deſpair:

h mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
I mimic virtue with the paint of art,
rn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
I boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

more I think, the more I feel my pain,
I learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
ile fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
I dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
en, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone,
a is loſt, and all my paſt delight
ow the ſource of unavailing moan.

ere is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
ere is the face that fed my longing eyes?
ere is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
ere are thoſe hopes relentleſs Fate denies?

en ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
ia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
ſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſooth the hovering ſoul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt Eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-Day.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.

THE man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet

Yet not from ſteel, debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear:

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurprize,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſooth his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I 'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I 'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I 'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſſly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I 'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or, if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

oliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
loat and wander with ambition's wind,
his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
d the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind!

er I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
ſt to happineſs that's not our own;
ile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
e I know that I am lov'd alone.

ie, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
e, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
eady rein his eager wit confine,
manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

nhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrongs,
noble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
alone I pen my tender ſong,
y ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

e ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
all wonder at her noble gueſt,
luſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
r her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

the care of all my little train,
I with tender indolence am bleſt,
vourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

I 'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
my foreſts tend my lonely flock;
a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
ep extended on the naked rock:

Ah,

With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I 'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtai

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſti

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful p

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

HAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
h reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
ɛliev'd what flattering love inſpir'd:

w my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
ıgerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
ks a calm, but fix'd content to find,
ys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

hem the gentle moments I beguile,
ned eaſe, and elegant delight;
ıre the beauties of each different ſtile,
arious ray of wit's diffuſive light:

ıark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
ais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
: all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
ırlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
:ace the author through his moral page,
: blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

: and books my lingering pain can heal,
:aſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
triot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel,
low with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall ch
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

OH, form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,

elia's hopes I would no more deceive,
hom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip leave;
e the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
ure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:
rudence which I taught, I ill purſued,
harm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
rov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
: ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
t my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
t each little lie o'er truth prevail,
trengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
nce in thought was on her lover's ſide:
vhere were then the ſcenes of fancied life?
vhere the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
ears of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
wo revolving moons could ſee them laſt.—
ow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
bham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
ear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
ture learned, and humanely wiſe:
: Pitt, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
mild advice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
man's virtue with a courtier's eaſe.
ou, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
nn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;

Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

PROLOGUE to Lillo's Elmerick.*

NO labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage,
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet from each eye ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſt by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh, may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade.
'Tis yours his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

* See the Epilogue to this Tragedy among the Poems of Lord Lyttelton. In the Life of Lillo, however, that Epilogue is confidently aſcribed to Mr. Hammond.

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END OF HAMMOND'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

elim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
ot all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
Vith wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Vell may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
Tis virtue makes the bliſs, wheree'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
or praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Viſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
aforming morals to the ſhepherd maid;
r taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
Vhat groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride
he radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
Vhen wanton gales along the vallies play,
reathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away:
y Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
his uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

Ye

Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!

The

r ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
ell'd, or Araby, no more.
our fields, for ſo the Fates ordain,
leſerters ſhall return again.
, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
e train, ſweet Modeſty appear:
thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
erd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
he moſt—not more the mountain doe
ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.
breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
eil conceals her from the view.
ſires amidſt thy train be known,
whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
g Meekneſs with her downcaſt eyes,
lly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
the virtues that muſt lead to love.
ng the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
of Bagdat verified the lay:
plains, the Virtues came along,
erds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE II.

Haſſan; or the Camel-driver. Scene, the Deſert. Time, Mid-day.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In

vain ye hope the green delights to know,
hich plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
:re rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
id faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
eak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
ie lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
id life is dearer than the golden ore:
:t money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
) every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
ill oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
nd are we only yet repaid by thee?
h! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
· why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
hy heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
ie gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
· wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
ie fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
hy think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
nan dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
hen thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
hat if the lion in his rage I meet!—
t in the duſt I view his printed feet:
id, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
elds her pale empire to the mourner night,

By

By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
"Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
"Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He

id, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
ack to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a Foreſt. Time, the Evening.

corgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
iſtant view along the level green,
:vening dews enrich the glittering glade,
: tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
ime 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
: the breathing maize at ſetting day;
the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
.bra firſt began the tender ſtrain.
d her youth with flocks upon the plain:
n ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
lilies rear them in the watery mead;
arly dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
e at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
i the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
ius wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
notley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
)let blue that on the moſs-bank grows;

iat theſe flowers are found in very great abun-
n ſome of the provinces of Perſia; ſee the mo-
ſtory of Mr. Salmon.

All

All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:

Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. S a Mountain in Circaſſia. Time, Midnig

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kin
At that ſtill hour, when eful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plain
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's winding ſides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!

Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind,
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry ear,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;

No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden ha
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſer
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs pre
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the w
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.

He ſaid; when loud along the vale was hear
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their fl

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild *Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

* A river in Suſſex.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth complete
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There Picture's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue
The maids and matrons, on her aweful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard* who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſ

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grov

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen†
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appea

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpeare's breſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!
Thou,

O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's p

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy fu

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native cha

But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliеſt Elfin queen has bleſt)

One,

One, only one unrival'd fair*,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the god-like gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her fl
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4.

The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born?
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.

I view

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower, [throne!
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and gra
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fr
broke.

EPODE.

2.

Yet, ev'n where'er the leaſt appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found;
They ſaw, by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
How wondrous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they, whom ſcience lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade!
See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Though leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
Strike, louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe, whoſe merchant ſons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;

orth from his eyrie roar'd in dread,
he ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear:
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'ſt the ſtraine,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand †,
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet through all our land.

* The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſ
penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killin
bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their t
and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of
they make a part. The common people of Holl
ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that
whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinc
ſhould loſe their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral o
hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endea
ſupport the probability of the fact, by argume
from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the tw
coaſts. I do not remember that any poeti
been hitherto made of it.

To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
:re Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
ill all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
ide wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
'ithering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſur-
iis pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide, [priſe.
By winds and inward labours torn,
thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows borne.
ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
ie little iſles on every ſide,
a *, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
here thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
r thee conſenting heaven has each beſtow'd,
r attendant on her ſovereign pride:
) thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
hou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt abode!

There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a
iaid becoming enamoured of a young man of ex-
linary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him
ay as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſ-
o him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſion-
his horror and ſurprize at her appearance. This
ver was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that, in
ge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſhed the whole
, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who at-
ed to carry on any commerce with it, either never
d at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or
)n a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Though now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.
There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?

'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
: Grecia's graceful orders join,
jeſtic, through the mix'd deſign;
e ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
ch ſphere found gem of richeſt hues:
ıate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
hen nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
ere on the walls the Patriot's ſight
ıy ever hang with freſh delight,
ıd, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
ad Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
ıat near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
ıw ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
ithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
ncord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
fore whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
ıge drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
:r let our ſires and matrons hoar
elcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
ır youths, enamour'd of the fair,
ıy with the tangles of her hair,
ll, in one loud applauding ſound,
ıe nations ſhout to her around,
how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
ıou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While ſtain'd with blood he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May:

The thoughts which muſing pity paye,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind

And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's aweful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creſſy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

Wheree'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ea
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſ
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd b
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wi
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont
To bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
  Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
  And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
  By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
  With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd;
  The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
  Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:

Where

here Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
omes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
o wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!
Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled ſons ally'd,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:

With theſe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thoſe the laughing ſatyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus * who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong:
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him †, whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales ev'n now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,

* Alluding to the Mileſian Tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd;
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

The PASSIONS. An ODE for M

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
mid the chords bewilder'd laid,
back recoil'd, he knew not why,
'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
ıe rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
nd ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

ı woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
ow ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
lemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'was ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
'hat was thy delighted meaſure?
it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
nd bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
nd from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
nd where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
l Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
. longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
hrew his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
he war-denouncing trumpet took,

And

And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his head.
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from
Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſto
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſifters, and their chaſte-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt;
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.

Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O, bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

Addreſſed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edit of Shakeſpeare's Works.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier d
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuſe her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpeare,s

Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the *Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transfer'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

ill * Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung:
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakeſpeare to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in Art.
Of ſofter mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mi
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His † every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpeare felt for man alone:

* Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Le
† Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed
Dryden.

rawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
h' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
* With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
iw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
y length of toil a bright perfection knew,
orrectly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
'ill late Corneille, with † Lucan's ſpirit fir'd,
reath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd:
nd claſſic judgement gain'd to ſweet Racine
he temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
nd wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
'et he alone to every ſcene could give
h' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Vak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
carce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
'et ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
Jo beam of comfort to the guilty king:

* About the time of Shakeſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.
† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Wheree'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.
O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſwade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every pa
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd.

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But * who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inſpires,
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyſſey.

When rais'd by fate, ſome former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele ſuppoſed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And riſe all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
His airy harp* ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.

III. Then

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,

* Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond churc

Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

X.

* The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds, and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES

Written on a Paper, which contained a Piece of Bride-Cake.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

This

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſoothe his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

RIENTAL ECLOGUES.

HE genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the ıſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the æra the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of let-ı, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects, l the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the :er opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt ough what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, re is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, m a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the efs of the people employed themſelves in rural exer-:s, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ıe time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that : hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the yptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From

Νυν ια μεν φορεοιλε βατοι, φορεοιλε δ' ακανθοι·
Ἁ δε καλα ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομασσει·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ἁ πιτυς οχνας ενεικα
——— και τως κυνας ὠλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

the cauſe, indeed, of theſe phænomena is very differ in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; t former employing them on the death, the latter on t birth, of an important perſon: but the marks of imi tion are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocri had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the ce brated Epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſca his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of H lena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitatio therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal ba we may expect to find them there. The very openi of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δε προϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the followi paſſage:

Ἁως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἀτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
Ὡδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ημιν,

Πειρ

without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may not Theocritus, Moſchus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the Septuagint-tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

—ot vexing brambles the
On the rude thorn Narci
All, all revers'd—The p
And the bold deer ſhall d

the cauſe, indeed, of theſe
in the Greek from what it
former employing them on t
birth, of an important perſo
tion are nevertheleſs obvious

It might, however, be ex
had borrowed at all from t
brated Epithalamium of Sol
own walk of poetry, would
his notice. His Epithalamiu
lena, moreover, gave him an
therefore, if he has any obli
we may expect to find them t
of the poem is in the ſpirit of

ση, μεγαλη. ἀτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρυρα,
απῳ κυπαρισσος, η ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

description of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle
gure of the Sicilian paſtoral—" She is like the
ıg of the golden morning, when the night depart-
and when the winter is over and gone. She re-
bleth the cypreſs in the garden, the horſe in the
riots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare
origin; and others, equally imitative, might be
d out in the ſame Idyllium.

s beautiful and luxuriant marriage paſtoral of So-
is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue
as ſurvived the ruins of time, a happineſs for
it is, probably, more indebted to its ſacred cha-
than to its intrinſic merit. Not that it is by any
deſtitute of poetical excellence: like all the eaſt-
etry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its
, alluſions, and parts, and has all that graceful
agnificent daring which characteriſes its metapho-
nd comparative imagery.

conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to
gid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make
tle uſe of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues;
en in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a
nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode
Doric and the Latin paſtoral.

ſcenery and ſubjects then of the following ec-
alone are oriental; the ſtyle and colouring are
European; and, for this reaſon, the author's

juſtly be aſſerted, that [illegible] expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs natural and unaffected tenderneſs, equalled by any thing of the paſtoral language.

ECLOGU

THIS eclogue, which is entitle herd's Moral, as there is nothing ject, may be thought the leaſt ent but it is by no means the leaſt precepts which the intelligent ſh fellow-ſwains and the virgins, ſuch as would infallibly promo paſtoral life.

In impersonating the private obſerved great propriety, and has [illegible] moſt perfect judgem

l is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
lken veil conceals her from the view."

wo ſimilies borrowed from rural objects are not
nuch in character, but perfectly natural and ex-
e. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the
', that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity
ught may as well be applied to Chaſtity as to Mo-
and from this inſtance, as well as from a thou-
ıore, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing,
racteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and at-
s peculiarly its own.

:annot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants
ıoſe eſſential *criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the
; for though it partakes not of the latter, the for-
ll retains an intereſt in it, and that too very ma-
as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs
lover, while it informs what are the qualities
—— that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

L the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can
from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery, this
e poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene
arce could exiſt in the imagination of an Euro-
and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no
-Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by
ſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of ex-
n! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the

terrible wildneſs of a region u
tions of men. The verſes thu
camel-driver's little proviſion
ence on the imagination, and
more feelingly into his future

" Bethink thee, Haſſan, w
When fails this cruiſe, his

It is difficult to ſay whether hi
companions of his toils," is n
elegance and beauty of the po
tenderneſs and humanity of th
read it without being affected,
juſtice, if he concludes it to b

" Ye mute companions of
In all my griefs a more than
Here, where no ſprings in
Or moſs-crown'd fountains
In vain ye hope the green d

here the poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* ales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet ſays

" —— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgement, that men of genius and judgement may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?"

But, however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-ſtreet, or Cheapſide, he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof, that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines.

" What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet;

This, amongſt many
the writings of Collins
fectly capable of the g
tion, notwithſtanding
vanced to the contrar
more greatly conceive
than the image in the

That deception, ſon
etry, which preſents u
trary to what we exp
greateſt advantage:

" Farewel the youth
Whom Zara's break
Yet, as thou go'ſt,
Weak and unfelt as

But this, perhaps, is r
a real, or natural beau

herdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

"Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe has been gathering.

"Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of this pathetic is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when Mr. Collins ſo affectedly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind, and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt

To give the [illegible]
fecting ſolemnity, he makes the tin
ſcribes the two ſhepherds in the ve
the deſtruction that ſwept over thei

" Sad o'er the dews, two brothe

Where wildering fear and deſper

There is a beauty and propriety in
ing, which ſtrikes us more forcibl
ſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is e
ral, and unaffected; when one of t
and overcome with the fatigue of f
companion to review the length of
This is, certainly, painting fro
thoughts, however obvious, or deſt
are perfectly in character. But,
of nature is the ſureſt way to excell
to ſublimity in particular, in poetic
and that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain:

And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide ||

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which, in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly; they are both flowery, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgement, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed, than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions for

Thoſe eyes in tears their frui
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cru
There is, certainly, ſome very
liquid melody of ſounds. The
could never read, or hear the f
without a degree of pleaſure
countable :

" Their eyes' *blue languiſh*, a
Such are the Oriental Eclogue
the ſame kind of anxious pleaſu
porary parting with a beloved fr

OBSERVA

ON TH

O D

native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was, at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but, more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſtics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would

ſwer the whole end of that ſp
belliſhing every feature of v
through the effects of the pene
to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelit
to the uncertainty of the eye;
conviction, it is, certainly,
through what medium, or by
conveyed. The impreſſions
may, poſſibly, be thought leſs
of memory, but it may very
whether a concluſion of reaſ
imagination, will ſooneſt make
moral precept, conveyed in wo
of truth in its effects; a moral
poliſhed; and which is moſt like
ſections, it may not be difficult

This, however, muſt be all

of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which
ht otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the
perating power of the memory, which treaſures up
ſhort aphoriſm the moral ſcene.

his is a good reaſon, and this, perhaps, is the only
on that can be given, why our dramatic performances
ld generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe
moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and
aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme,
was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſe-
eſs and propriety even there.

fter theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the
wing odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the ori-
and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

y this we are not to underſtand the trope in the
ols, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud ſenſu of-
ndere," and of which Quintilian ſays, "uſus eſt,
t triſtia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei
uædam contrariis ſignificemus, &c." It is not the
al, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical ex-
ion (which, indeed, might come under the term of
phor) but allegorical imagery, that is here in
lion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative
ment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature
f. It is generally agreed that the moſt ancient pro-
ions are poetical, and it is certain that the moſt an-
t poems abound with allegorical imagery.

, then, it be allowed that the firſt literary produc-
tions

which had so long prevailed, sh
ence on the mind, though the u
ed the practical application of
who had been accustomed to
image of an elephant, swiftnes
and courage by that of a lion, w
substituting, in letters, the syml
had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin
that it arose from the *ashes* of hie
the same cause we should refer
of style and imagery which distin
ings, we shall, perhaps, conclud
we should impute it to the superi
genius.

From the same source with the
rive the *sentimental* allegory, wh
than a continuation of the meta
expression of the [illegible]

principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing, the ſame arguments that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will be of weight likewiſe here. It is, indeed, from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and, therefore, could not

not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's ſenſibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſon; but we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the Phœniſſæ.

Ηϝȣ προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῳ ποδὶ
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυϐαταισιν αϛρον ὡς
Δευρ᾽ εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ᾽ εμον,
Προϐαινε.———— Act. III. Sc. I.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."
Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute."
"There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both theſe poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius and in their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The

:hought of painting in the temple of Pity the hif-
human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes
e tragic Muſe, is very happy, and in every re-
›rthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Collins, who had often determined to apply him-
lramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view,
addreſſed one of the principal powers of the
and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had
› the genius of Shakeſpeare:

ther again thy fury deal,
ı me but once like him to feel:
ypreſs-wreath my meed decree,
I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

ruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn
›wer of judgement and imagination. Nothing
nore ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbre-
›f the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when
the ſtrong influence of the power he invokes:

›, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee thee near."

tor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the
ecies of poetry, either in his own, or in any
nguage, equal, in all reſpects, to the following
on of Danger:

nger, whoſe limbs of giant mold,
: mortal eye can fix'd behold?

Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances, to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

" —— Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo——"

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

" And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unna-

natural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

" Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

here is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ram over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has, indeed, an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting:

" By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

his allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the ooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to

the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has th
fineſt and the happieſt effect: yet, poſſibly, it will bea
a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had
general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than th
plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was in
finitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that the
juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far, cer
tainly, they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity
the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices, wil
be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt.

——— πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ε δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροον.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) αυ σε δερκομαι,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. EURIP. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

" But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of ſimplicity among th
Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it di
not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions
after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament

" No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writings of the Provençal poets ar
principally

principally alluded to, in which, ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgement of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the crea-

tion of the Ceſtus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime: and the obſervation that, the dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds that are perfectly ſcrene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear."

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the

Ode

Ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοστρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.———

"What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

"With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains

among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the *ſmall* Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

" Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

" —— When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

" Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!"

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe

. Deformeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique ſtoire d'Eſpagne, thus deſcribes the ſufferings lemings: " Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de ré- les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé hafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, ſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers endroits, ıloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Chron. Tom. IV.

— Mona,
e thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

s properly the Roman name of the Iſle of An- anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſome- s in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. oſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of fu- n, and are now the only places where there is chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles , in the Action at Fontenoy. Written , 1745.

iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is d, ſeems as well calculated for tender and : ſubjects, as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity ed—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition rain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects va- ad affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs

needleſs to obſerve that this ode is replete with harmon ſpirit, and pathos; and there, ſurely, appears no reaſ why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted that copy printed in Dodſley's Collection of Poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſi into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſe to have been vain, at leaſt its reception has been more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, wh ther there is not ſomething in the nature of blank ve leſs adapted to the lyric than to the heroic meaſu ſince, though it has been generally received in the l ter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to c cover this, we are to conſider the different modes theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroi uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe c cumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the o and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented ſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the dif ent ſhapes of the lyric Muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtrange uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity t pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisf tion, which acquaintance and familiarity produc Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanctio infinite importance to its general reception, when it adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever p

duc

, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem
/er was written. When this poem at length ex-
that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had
to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imi-
and became more generally ſucceſsful than even
ſe countries from whence it was imported. But
lank verſe has met with no ſuch advantages; for
ollins, whoſe genius and judgement in harmony
have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us
e ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.
he choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in
: Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the
reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad
erecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome de-
conciles us to the want of rhyme, while it re-
us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe
had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.
n the following paſſage one might be induced to
that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject
s verſification ſuitable to each other on this occa-
nd that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober
of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the
/ of rhyme;

ow teach me, maid compos'd,
breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
ot unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
muſing ſlow, I hail
genial lov'd return!"

ıatever were the numbers, or the verſification of
this

For when thy rolling-rail
His paly circlet, at his warnin
The fragrant hours, and el
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreat
And ſheds the freſhening dew,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtron

" Then let me rove ſome wild
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dre
Whoſe walls more aweful no
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for wl
magnificent in nature; when, I
enjoying his evening walk, he

" That from the mountain's
Views wild and ſwelling ſce

t might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode o obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a ady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect prinples of taſte. She has not even complained of the vant of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, f a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and himes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it eems not improbable that the author wrote it about the ime when he left the Univerſity; when, weary with the urſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined imſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy nature in her vorks, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to ſcience exhibits a very juſt s well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theıry the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that 'latoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are allied:

"Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it s not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity

capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty. —From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtic:

" Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide."

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the diſpoſition of the jewels.

" O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when

when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.

By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c."

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour; but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reaſon only, mentioned here.

The PASSIONS. An ODE for Muſic.

IF the muſic which was compoſed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and muſic have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry—Expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention, without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds! what, then, muſt have been the effects of theſe united!

It is very obſervable that though the meaſure is the ſame, in which the muſical efforts of fear, anger, and deſpair, are deſcribed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

With

" With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild."

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer who co catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe

The picture of Hope that follows this is beauti moſt beyond imitation. By the united pow imagery and harmony, that delightful being is ex with all the charms and graces that pleaſure and have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui ſemel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza pla great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of j ment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes, and d every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

"

"And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of Joy, Jealouſy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally ſo; thoſe of Melancholy and Chearfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE on the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *ſkill to complain*. Of that mournful melody, and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtin-

guiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible:

" The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind, and the appellations of " Druid," and " meek Nature's child," are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

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